

BEATLES: 100 RED HOT NEW PIX!

35c

SPEC

16 MAGAZINE

PDC

TACULAR

HUGE SUPER FAB COLOR
HERMAN • BEATLES • McCALLUM
STONES • BEACH BOYS • VAUGHN

GEEGEE AWARDS
WHO WON THEM!

McCALLUM-VAUGHN
TELL ALL ON EACH OTHER

HERMAN
"HOW HE GOT SWITCHED ON!"

50 ALL STAR
PERSONAL AUTOGRAPHS

ELVIS
101 UNTOLD SECRETS

LUKE
ANSWERS 40 INTIMATE ?'s

DC5 THEIR SECRET
LOVE LIFE

PETER & GORDON
"OUR HATES & LOVES"

PLUS
PATTY DUKE
PAUL PETERSEN
CHRIS JAGGER
DINO, DESI & BILLY



To You

A LOVE
LETTER
FROM
**CHAD &
JEREMY**





16 MAGAZINE SPECTACULAR

SUMMER, 1965

All photos from A-1's Go Go Mania.

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16's

FOURTH ANNUAL

GEEGEE

GOLD STAR

AWARDS

***Given for Highest Achievement by Young Stars
in the Fields of Motion Pictures, Television and Records***

ONCE AGAIN 16 raises the curtain on its annual GeeGee Awards for outstanding achievements by young stars in motion pictures, television and records.

As always, the winners of this year's GeeGee Awards, for extraordinary performances during the past twelve months, were chosen by 16's readers. They were chosen by you in the ballots and letters you mailed to us day after day, in which you told us who were your favorite young stars. We tabulated each and every vote, and the stars you see on the next three pages are the stars you voted tops in their field. (Divisions were made for performers in some of the categories for obvious reasons.)

To the winners of this year's GeeGee Awards, 16 speaks for every 16 reader in saying, "Congratulations and all good wishes for a long and successful career."

**Best Dramatic
Movie Actor**



Dick Chamberlain

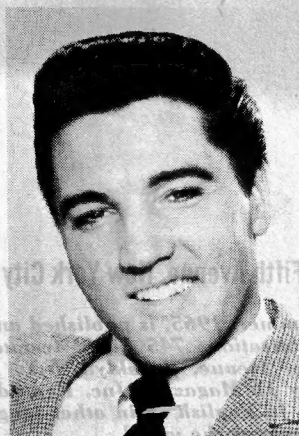
**Best Dramatic
Movie Actress**



Hayley Mills



**Best Musical
Movie Actor**



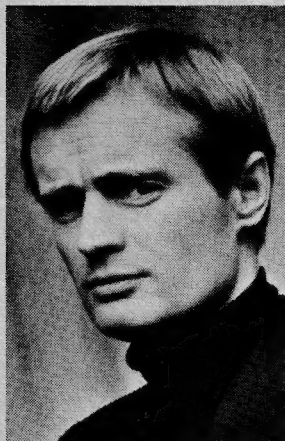
Elvis Presley

**Best Musical
Movie Actress**



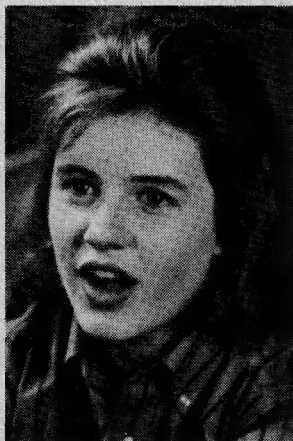
Annette

Best Television Actor



David McCallum

Best Television Actress



Patty Duke

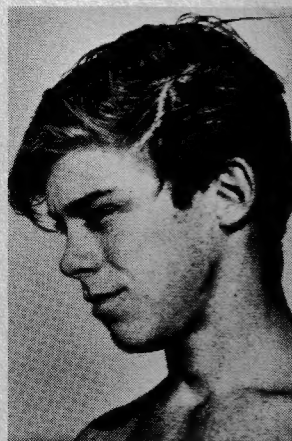


Best Daytime Television Show

"Bandstand '65"



Best Night-time Television Show



"Flipper"



Best Television Variety Show

"Hullabaloo" and "Shindig" (tie)



Best American Male Singer



Gene Pitney

Best American Female Singer



Lesley Gore



Most Promising American Male Singer



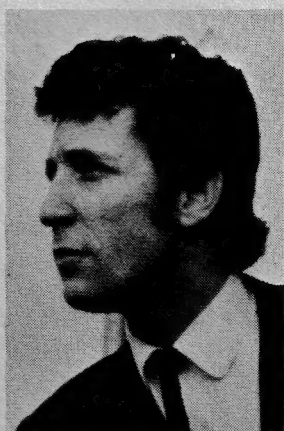
Bobby Sherman

Most Promising American Female Singer



Donna Loren

Best British Male Singer



Tom Jones

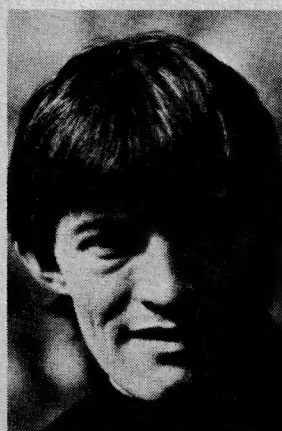
Best British Female Singer



Petula Clark



Most Promising British Male Singer



Dave Berry

Most Promising British Female Singer



Cilla Black

Best American Male Group



The Beach Boys

Best American Female Group



The Supremes

Most Promising American Male Group



Gary Lewis and Playboys

Most Promising American Female Group



The Shangri-Las

Best British Group



The Beatles

Most Promising British Group



Herman & His Hermits

**Best LP
American Male**



*The Return of
Roger Miller*

**Best LP
American Female**



*Make Way For
Dionne Warwick*

**Best LP
British Male**



It's Not Unusual

**Best LP
British Female**



*Ooowwwweeeee!
Dusty Springfield*



**Best LP
American Male Group**



*Jan & Dean's
Command Performance*

**Best LP
American Female Group**



Dixie Cups' Iko Iko

**Best LP
British Group**



*Gerry &
Pacemakers'
Ferry Across
The Mersey*



**DEEJAY
Of The Year**

Paul Drew,

**WQXI Radio
ATLANTA, GA.**



**Most Popular
International Stars**



Freddie & The Dreamers

**Best Syndicated
Television Show**

*THE
MIKE DOUGLAS SHOW*

**Best
Radio Station**

**KBLA Radio
Los Angeles**

**WMCA Radio
New York City**

(tie)

**Outstanding
Achievement**



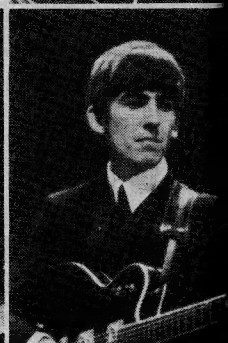
The Dave Clark Five



BEATLES 100 RED-HOT NEW PIX

BONANZA! There's no other word to describe it! Just flip the pages and see for yourself! One hundred — count 'em! — one hundred red-hot NEW pix of the Beatles! Paul, George, Ringo and John in a wild assortment of poses which will turn you to a tizzy! The first part of this photo treasure starts here — and the second part on Page 40. Go to it, luvvies — and have a peak of a peeking good time!

PART 1





Ringo in a solo appearance on BBC-TV's Juke Box Jury.



Paul and George rehearse for show, Around the Beatles.



John and Ringo in costume for a British TV show.



Wha'? Ringo stares as George topples into a swimming pool (off camera).

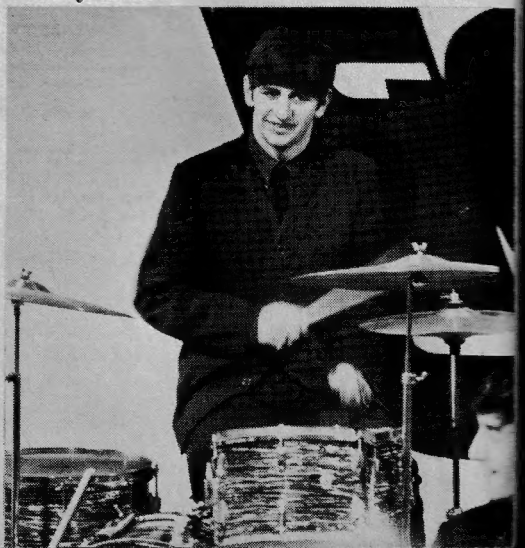


George catches up on his fan mail as road manager Neil Aspinall looks on.

"Over here, luv. We'd better have a word about this."



Pam! Pam! Ringo beats out the beat for the group on Thank Your Lucky Stars.





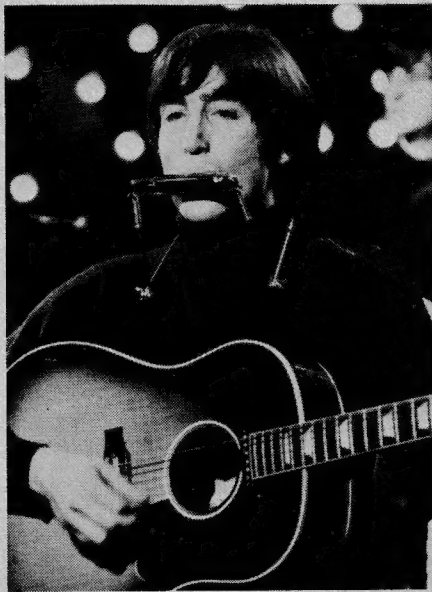
Who's the wiggliest Beatle?



The four lads rehearse for the Ed Sullivan Show in Miami, 1964.



Paul and John sing I'm A Loser for TV's Shindig, recorded in London.



He also writes books.



Paul and George whip it up in Las Vegas on the Beatles' first American tour.

John, Paul and George at work.



George's mum and two brothers at their home in Liverpool.





The boys in full dress.



*"Good grief!
I can't be losing my hair!"*



Low key.

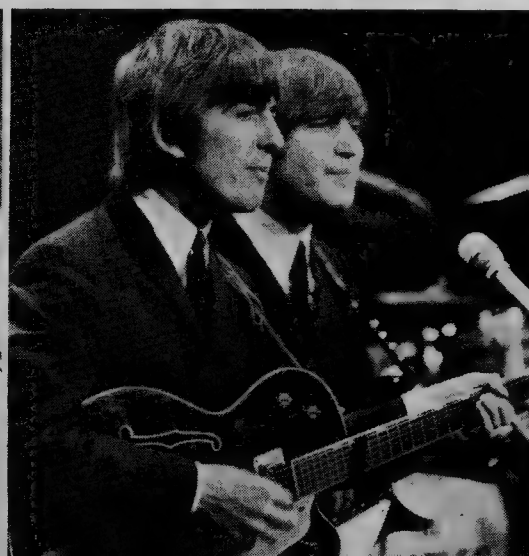


Fancy that! Ringo's got a hole clear through his head!

*Neil Aspinall (back to camera)
shows the boys the things he col-
lected for them on a shopping tour.*

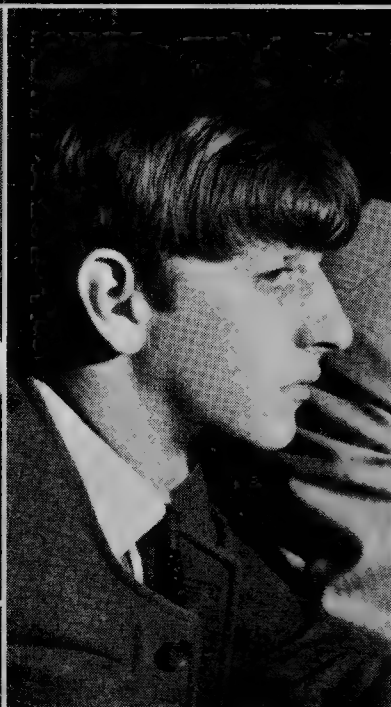


George and John in harmony.



*Master of the house: George stands
before his new home in Surrey,
England.*





**CONTINUED
ON
PAGE 40**

FILL OUT!

CUT OUT!

MAIL IT!

NOW!

16 SPECTACULAR

Please send me 16's new Beatle book, *All About Us!* I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

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CITY.....ZIP CODE.....

STATE.....

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THE BEATLES REVEAL "ALL ABOUT US"



Now — for the first time anywhere — you can read the full, true story of the Beatles from the day they were born to the present! And that's not all! You'll get a whole gang of new pictures of the four fabulous boys not available anywhere else!

YOU'VE NEVER SEEN a book on the Beatles like this one — because there's never been one like it!

Here is the whole story of the Beatles — the true, real story of the fabulous mopheads told in full for the first time! Here, too, gangs of fab new pix of Paul, George, Ringo and John from the day they were born right up to the present!

As you turn the pages of this terrific new book you'll get a whole new slant on the Beatles — see them through the eyes of their parents, their girls friends, their Liverpool buddies and everyone else who has actually gotten to know these four astonishing boys in their meteoric rise to international stardom! You'll have at your fingertips the answer to every question that can possibly be asked about the Beatles (you can easily settle any argument with your mates about Paul, George, Ringo or John just

by flipping through *All About Us!*). The book contains all the facts, the dates and the who-where-what-whys of Beatledom — and there's a complete list of every Beatle song recorded plus the singer of each song.

And listen to this! There are 50—yes, 50!—gorgeous **NEW BEATLE PICTURES** you can only get in 16's exclusive new *All About Us!* Beatle book! None of these pictures are available anywhere else!

This is a treasure chest of Beatledom and Beatlemania you'll cherish for the rest of your life! It will bring you closer to the Beatles than you've ever been since they came on the teen scene. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity to become an intimate part of their fabulous world. All you have to do is fill in the coupon, cut it out and mail it to the address on the coupon—together with a one-dollar bill. It's a ticket to happiness!



LUKE HALPIN answers 40 intimate questions

One of your top fave new TV stars gives you the lowdown on where he's been, where he's going and what he likes and dislikes.

What is your full real name?

Luke Halpin. Actually, I do have a middle name, but I won't tell what it is. It's awful—and it begins with an A.

When and where were you born?

I was born in New York City on April 4, 1947.

What is your height, weight and coloring?

I am five feet six inches tall, weigh 188 pounds, have blond hair and greenish-blue eyes.

Where do you live?

I live in a seven-room, cement-and-wood, private house in northeast Miami.

Who lives with you?

My mom, Helen, and dad, Eugene. I have an older brother who is in the Navy and an older married sis.

What kind of people do you enjoy being with?

Young people, who love having fun no matter where they are.

What is your hobby?

Nothing—except girls, I guess.

What is your favorite food?

Anything Italian.

Who are your favorite movie stars?

I have no special ones. I like adventure films and true-life stories.

Who are your favorite recording stars?

I like too many to name, but I'd say Roy Orbison is my number one favorite.

Who is your favorite TV star?

Flipper, of course!

What is your favorite kind of music?

Rock 'n' roll. Right now, I am flipped for the Zombies doing She's Not There.

What are your favorite colors?

Blue, green, red and tan.

Briefly describe your dream girl.

She will be very sweet, have brown hair and not be over five feet five inches tall.

What is most important to you in a girl, looks or personality?

Personality. I love gentle, warm girls.

How do you like to see girls dressed?

Anyway that pleases them, but I do not like bikini bathing suits.

How do you like to dress?

In Continental-cut clothes, wearing a shirt and tie.

Have you a secret longing?

To drive a boat in an ocean race.

For a vacation, where in the whole world would you like to go?

To Englewood, Florida. It is on the gulf side and has great fishing.

Of all the things you have to do, which do you dislike most?

I really don't have any complaints.

Do you have a pet fear?

No. Nothing scares me.

What daily schedule would you keep if you could?



I'd sleep till nine and work till seven. I'd be in bed by 11 o'clock.

What are your favorite sports?

Boating, water-skiing, skin-diving and fishing.

What do you do when you are alone?

Go out in the racing boat, Formula 233, that we use on the show, and bounce it around in rough seas.

Do you have any pets?

I have a "little bit of everything" dog named *Whisky*.

Are you moody or temperamental?

No, not at all.

What three secret tips would you give a girl who would like for you to like her?

She should be very considerate; she should *not* talk to me about the TV series; and she should dress in a neat, nice manner at all times.

Have you ever dated a fan?

Yes. When I was living in New York, I got a very nice letter from a girl. I called her and took her out, and we had a great time.

What has been the greatest thrill in your life?

Picking out my car. I got a maroon GTO with a white top.

What memories do you cherish?

Shooting Flipper's New Adventure. I had a lot of fun, especially with Pamela Franklin.

What is the most unforgettable experience you have had?

The first time I went skin-diving. The beautiful colors under the water were unbelievable!

How would you describe yourself?

I consider myself a regular guy, not outstanding in any particular way.

What is your pet weakness?

Boats. Every time I see one, I have to jump into it.

What is your ultimate ambition?

To be a good human being.

Who has helped you most with your career?

Frankly, I've done most of it on my own.

What do you worry about?

School. When you work all day and have to memorize a script, you feel you may not do so well in your studies.

What do you like best about your work?

Diving with full gear on. You can stay under for an hour or so.

What do you dislike about your career?

I love everything. It is always interesting. I do hate having to do homework when I'm soaking wet, though.

How do you relax?

I put on a stack of records, lie on the bed and sip a Coke.

Where is the best place to write to you?

12100 N. E. 16th Avenue
Miami, Florida.

AUTHENTIC AUTOGRAPHS of all the

George Harrison

Pingu Pingu

Jane Asher

Herbman

Vanishu Yall

Al Gardine

Dennis Wilson

Paul Peterson

Carl Wilson

Henry Mills

Mise Love

Patty Duke

Brian Wilson

Peter Asher

Gene Pitney

Gordon Waller

Michael Burns

Burdon

Bill Hyman

Richard Chad Stuart

Brian Jones

Adam Faith

Terry Jones

Mark Jagger

Chas. Watts

Cilla Black

Tom Jones

Sandie Shaw

TOP STARS! CAN YOU FIND YOUR FAVORITE HERE?

Paul McCartney
Manfred Mann
Lesley Gore
Roy Orbison
Robert
Haughn
John
Lennon
Dave
Clark
5
The
Trio
Rick
Lenny
Tommy
Quincy
Pete
George
Fane
Luke Halpin
Chris
Trusley
Gary
Lenny
George
Fane
Gerry
Pattie
Boyd
Hilton
Valentine
Paul
Jones
Ray
Davies
Barry
Whitman
Derek
"Lek"
Ward
Davies
Karl
Green
Keith
Hepburn
Mick
Cavone

You **DON'T** have to be LEFT OUT!"

by LESLEY GORE



If you can't get IN with any of the kids you know, try these five simple sure-fire suggestions!

ONE DAY when I was 13 years old I came home from school with a real case of the blues. I sat moping around the house all afternoon. I gazed off into space and couldn't seem to get interested in *anything*. After a few hours of this nonsense, my mom came over and sat down beside me.

"Lesley," she said, "you've either got something on your mind or *nothing* on it. What's the trouble, dear?"

It took me a moment to begin speaking. "To tell you the truth, Mom," I said, "I really don't know *what's* wrong. I just feel so blah, sort of disinterested. I feel *left out* of things."

"I wish you would try to be more specific," Mom went on patiently. "I don't quite follow you."

"Well, it's like this: each day after school I see the other kids going off in groups. They are laughing and talking, and somehow I just can't seem to get *in* with any of them. I try, but they just don't notice me!"

At this point I was suddenly on the verge of tears. Mom reached over and patted my hand. "Listen, Lesley," she said softly. "I know what you're going through but I want to assure you that there *is* a solution to this problem. In fact, there are several solutions. I'm going to tell you how—and help you—to get *with it* with the other kids."

My mother spent an hour going over ideas on how to make friends and get *in* with a group. I remember that we even made up a list of things I could do. Looking back now, I recall that it wasn't easy, but I tried very hard and it wasn't long before I was walking out of school—laughing and talking with my own great group of friends. I am going to pass my "list" along to you, in case any of you readers out there in 16-land are needlessly suffering from lack of popularity. Hope this helps!

1. *Learn how to dance—even if you have two left feet and wooden legs! I used to come home each day after school and put on records and practice dancing. I wasn't wild about it, but I knew that good dancers were usually popular with girls and guys. I learned the latest steps all by myself and even invented a few steps of my own. When I was at a party, or anywhere where dancing started, I could get up there and work out with the best of them.*

2. *Go to parties and go out! I know it is hard to force yourself into places where you're not completely secure. Here is a little trick that will help. Get yourself a couple of girl friends who are reliable buddies. When something is cooking, call them up and ask them to go along with you. That way you will not have to enter a place alone and you will have someone to turn to and talk to—in*

case you get stranded. Remember that your girl friend will be just as pleased with this arrangement as you are, for she doesn't want to stand around places alone either.

3. *Get interested in civic and church activities. If there is a play-acting group, a hiking club, a skating (ice or roller) club, a swimming team—even a bird-watching group—in your community, find out about it and see if you can join the activities. The Girl Scouts is a wonderful organization in every way. You not only make good friends but you learn many new and fascinating things. If there is a YWCA or a YWHA in your community, get a list of their activities and pin-point your interest area—and dive in. All churches and temples have plenty of activity for young people, and these organizations are particularly predisposed to welcoming new members.*

4. *Give a party. I know a lot of you haven't got the proper place—or the proper guidance—to give a big party, but anyone can have a few kids over for soda, dancing and chit-chat. Pick a cute occasion. People expect birthday parties, Christmas parties, etc., so make yours a Valentine party or a Hallowe'en party—just to be different and do the unexpected (which always excites everyone!). If you're a little on the shy side, and your parents aren't interested in helping out, enlist the help of a girl friend. Go to the dime store a day ahead of time and buy a lot of cheap candy and some simple decorations. You and your friend can spend the early afternoon getting the decorations up and ordering soda pop. After that, all you need is some records and some friends. Remember, when you invite your guests, make it very clear to them that they are welcome to bring along a friend—boy or girl.*

5. *My last item on the list is the most important one. It's YOU. No matter how friendly, how nice or how gifted or interesting you are—if you don't look after yourself, no one is going to really want to know you—much less be your friend. You just have to learn step-by-step (the 16 Beauty And Popularity Book is great for this—see Page 19) how to make the most of yourself. You must be clean and neat at all times. Your hair must shine and your nails must be immaculate. You must know how to bathe and how to avoid that old bugaboo, underarm odor.*

When you present yourself to others for their approval and acceptance, you must give them something worth wanting to accept. If your clothes are sloppy and dirty, if your face is grimy, if your hair is ill-kempt, if your breath smells bad and your elbows and knees are calloused—let's face it, no one will want you for a friend.

So work on yourself and then follow through with all other suggestions I have hopefully listed here for you. I'm sure you'll be the better for it—and that very soon you will be very much with it with a swell gang of kids.

STRINGY HAIR? OVERWEIGHT? BASHFUL? UGLY NAILS? NERVOUS?



*Weep No More, Young Lady —
JUST READ THIS!*

HERE IT IS AT LAST — for the girl who wants to be attractive, lovely or even beautiful! Here is a simple, practical book telling you step-by-step how you can get the absolute most out of you and become the popular, lovable girl you see yourself as in your fondest dreams.

Don't hesitate a minute, because 16 Magazine has finally come up with the perfect kind of "beauty book" for America's young 'teen girls. This is no phoney guide to grown-up glamour as all the other difficult and sophisticated booklets are. This is a sure-fire, straight-from-the-shoulder book that will turn you into the appealing creature every young girl should be.

16's Beauty Book covers your beauty problems and questions from the top of your head to the bottom of your tootsies—and carefully. Here's a bit of what your delighted eyes will uncover when you open the pages of this vital, exciting new approach to young beauty:

HAIR

The do's and don'ts, and the long and short of it—plus seven simple, swingin' teen-type hair styles!

FACE

How to achieve the "nice" look in make-up—and easy solutions to all your skin, eyes, nose and teeth problems.

FIGURE

Everything from posture to diet (want to gain or lose?), to building up and reducing exercises.

PERSONAL

Those "whispered" questions answered in an understanding and intelligent manner.

And that's just the half of it! You'll learn a quick, simple, day-to-day routine that will keep you alert and "zinging." You'll find out **TEN BIG SECRETS OF THE TOP 'TEEN MODELS!** This great, 16-exclusive Beauty Book will cover everything you can

imagine from the lovely new "Natural Look" to nail-care—even to eyeglasses!

No growing young 'teener can afford to miss fabulous "beauty" buy—for here, in one neat but thorough package, is the answer to those confusing and agonizing beauty problems that plague all young ladies and often leave them in a state of perplexed tears! Now's the time to wipe those tears away and let reliable 16 Magazine help you to walk—self-assured and happy—into the sun again!

Here's all you have to do to get the new, exclusive, fabulous 16's Beauty Book: just fill in the coupon, cut it out and mail it—together with a one-dollar bill—to the address on the coupon. That's all it takes to get this book which will change your life and make you a more attractive and popular girl.

16 SPECTACULAR

"POPULARITY-BEAUTY BOOK"

Please send me this book. I enclose one dollar bill.

PLEASE PRINT:

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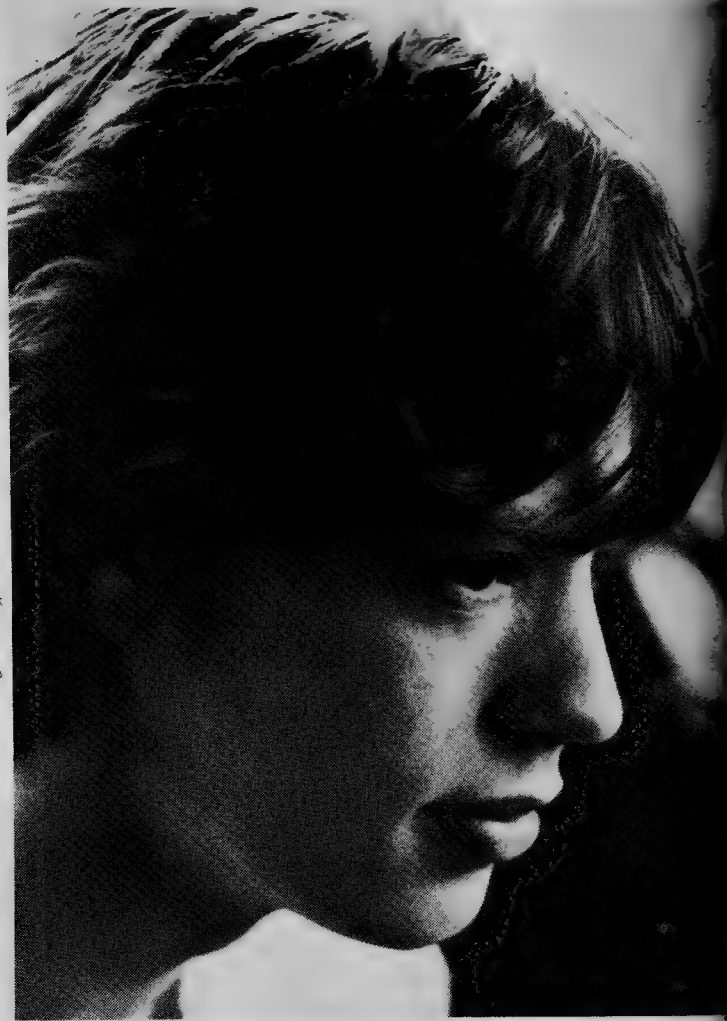
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16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

This is my "big brother"—Mick...



"MY BROTHER—MICK"

IT'S ALREADY been a wonderful experience for me, just sitting by and seeing how Mick and the Stones have become gradually but surely popular. From the day Mick first started singing rhythm and blues with the Rolling Stones, I knew they'd click.

Mick first took me to see the Stones at the Piccadilly Club (now called The Scene), where about 20 people turned up to twist and listen to the then little-known Stones' sound. It was a time when Trad was just dying out. But the people in the club didn't really know what they liked or wanted.

The Stones did such numbers as *Tiger In Your Tank*, *Blues Before Sunrise* and *Hoochie Coochie Man*, of which the last number has become quite a blues standard over here.

In those days there was no Bill Wyman or Charlie Watts, and "Stu" (now road manager) would bang it out on the piano. But he was barely audible. Frankly, the sound they made was good and loud, but not really great. However, it didn't take them long to develop their own particular style.

At first, just after the Stones were formed, I used to keep newspaper and magazine snippets on them. I gave

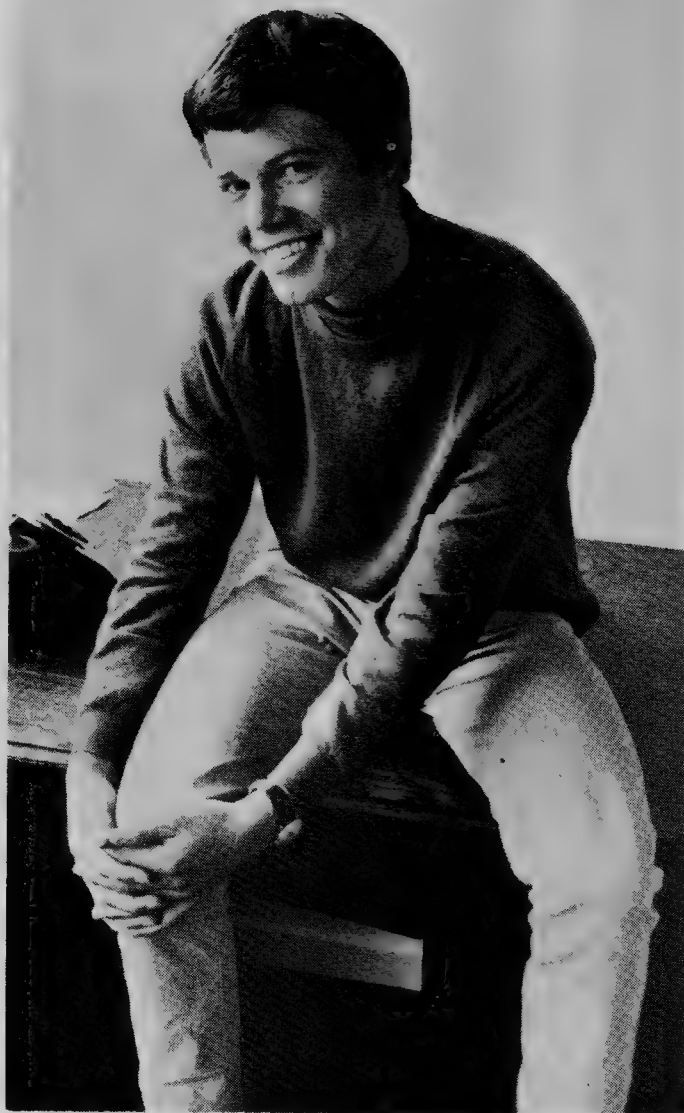
that up ages ago. But I've still got the first one from *Jazz News*, when Mick was quoted as saying: "I hope they don't think we're a rock and roll outfit." They're still having the same argument now!

The rhythm and blues thing probably started when Mick bought his first Chuck Berry record at the age of 13, though he didn't realize what it would lead to at the time. I lent that record out to a friend who took it to Australia with him, and you can imagine how pleased Mick was with me! I had to pay him the grand sum of 59 cents for that 78.

Mick went on collecting rhythm and blues records and I went on hearing them until I just *had* to like them. At first, I liked Muddy Waters and Howlin' wolf. It took me a bit longer to get to know Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley. I think that rhythm and blues is more lasting than rock and roll. My taste seems to improve as I listen to it.

But I expect you'd like to know how it feels being Mick's brother. In many ways it's rather peculiar going into a news-agent's and seeing a dozen pictures of your brother frowning at you. When I hear people talking about the Stones, I always feel like chipping in—but I seldom

and this is me—"little brother" Chris.



by CHRIS JAGGER

do. Chances are, anyway, that people won't believe you. People get quite suspicious when I say I *actually know* the Stones! Still, I suppose it's hardly surprising. A lot of people go around saying they are Mick's brother. On one occasion, when I told the stage-door man that Mick was expecting me and that I was his brother, he just bawled at me to go away, as Mick had had seven sisters call already that evening!

It isn't always easy getting into a Stones' show—especially if you're like myself and inclined to arrive late. After having fought through about 20 fans to reach the stage door, you might be lucky and talk to a sympathetic doorman who'll go and tell Mick—and you're in.

On the other hand, if the Stones are playing at a vast place like the Empire Pool or the Albert Hall, it's a mighty hard job to get in. The main problem is contacting somebody inside, and this may be through an ice-cream seller or whoever's going in.

Once you do manage to get inside the theatre, there's usually Keith strumming away at one of his many guitars, some reporters hastily scribbling down what Mick and Brian are saying, and Charlie's gone off to look for Bill, who's off somewhere looking for Charlie.

After the show it's a mad rush for any sort of transport—Mick's car, Brian's car, a taxi that Bill has hired or the group van. You just jump in and get off as quickly as you can.

Of course, I don't see Mick that much nowadays. Perhaps once in a fortnight during term time and once a week in the holidays. But he does try hard to get home every now and then. I see Mick more often now than when he was at the London School Of Economics (and didn't have much money, or a car to come home in). I think I can safely say that Mick in all his hectic and busy life doesn't forget about his "little brother."

Bo Diddley once called me that, though I hastened to remind him that I'm only two inches shorter than Mick—and still growing!

It's great to be with the Stones and to meet all their friends. They all ask me the obvious question. "Are you going to follow in your brother's footsteps?" Although my interests are similar to Mick's, I would hate to be thought of as a second Mick. Perhaps I can keep my own interests and at the same time develop my own life, and maybe meet you in these pages again one day as just me—Chris Jagger!



A Love Letter

CHAD and

LONDON, ENGLAND,

Dear Miss Sixteen,
reoperating after a month's rest on my
back with glandular fever, but by the
time this gets to you we should be back
in America again, — great! (It takes nearly
two months to get 16 magazine printed).
I was really choked at not being
able to do the tour with Gene Pitney, and
so were a lot of girls I think, because
they sent me smashing letters and get-
-well cards, — millions of 'em! I want
to say thank you very much to
everyone who wrote to me, — it really
cheered me up. I've evolved a system
now whereby everybody should be
getting a letter from me to say thank you
personally, — it may take time, but it'll
— happen!
Bill is just about to sign a record
contract, — I hope he can sing!
Love and best wishes 7/2/61 xx

From

JEREMY



Dear 'Miss 16'

Or if that sounds a bit formal, 'hello my darlings!' While Chad has been recuperating, I've been swinging around London out of work and having quite a rave-up. I've even been offered a musical play. However, we're making sure we get over to see you all before I consider acting again.

We are really looking forward to seeing you again. Keep reading '16' - we do! Meanwhile here's a big kiss from me →

Luv

BIG KISS

← FRAGILE

Jeremy



THIS WAY!

PAUL McCARTNEY*
 PAUL McCARTNEY'S FATHER*
 MR. AND MRS. JOHN LENNON*
 JOHN LENNON'S AUNT MIMI*
 MICK JAGGER*
 BRIAN JONES*
 RINGO STARR*
 RINGO STARR'S PARENTS*
 GEORGE HARRISON*
 MR. AND MRS. HARRISON*
 GEORGE'S SISTER LOUISE*
 KEITH RICHARD*
 CHARLIE WATTS*
 DAVE CLARK*
 RICK HUXLEY*
 LENNY DAVIDSON*
 CARL WILSON*
 MIKE LOVE*
 JANE ASHER*
 MAUREEN COX*
 HERMAN AND HIS HERMITS*
 ELVIS PRESLEY*
 PRINCE CHARLES*
 RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN*
 JANET LANDGARD*
 PETER ASHER*
 DUSTY SPRINGFIELD*
 BILLY J. KRAMER*
 P. J. PROBY*
 THE SEARCHERS*
 THE MERSEYBEATS*
 THE HONEYCOMBS*
 TOMMY QUICKLY*
 HAYLEY MILLS*
 THE SHANGRI-LAS
 MIKE LANDON
 PETER MCENERY
 BILL WYMAN*
 MIKE SMITH*
 DENIS PAYTON*
 BRIAN WILSON*
 DENNIS WILSON*
 AL JARDINE*
 PATTIE BOYD*
 THE ANIMALS—
 ERIC BURDON*
 HILTON VALENTINE*
 ALAN PRICE*
 JOHNNY STEEL*
 ANN-MARGRET*
 GORDON WALLER*
 CILLA BLACK*
 SHELLEY FABARES*
 THE KINKS*
 THE HOLLIES*
 ROCKIN' BERRIES*
 GENE PITNEY*
 BOBBY SHERMAN*
 DEBBIE WATSON*
 DINO*, DESI AND BILLY
 THE CAVERN
 LESLEY GORE
 JOEY HEATHERTON
 PATTY DUKE
 CHAD AND JEREMY
 BOBBY RYDELL
 JOHNNY CRAWFORD
 CONNIE STEVENS
 DAVID JANSSEN
 THE ZOMBIES
 LUKE HALPIN
 BOBBY VINTON
 PAUL PETERSEN
 THE SUPREMES
 ANNETTE
 THE FOUR SEASONS
 CONNIE FRANCIS
 DAVID McCALLUM
 JAY AND THE AMERICANS
 GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS*



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Photo courtesy of ABC Television, England.

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WELCOME to the HOMES of

Three of your new top favorites invite YOU in for a taste of California-style hospitality!

FIRST STOP

DINO'S HOUSE

Dino enjoys fooling around with his tape-stereo.



He also spends a lot of time on his music.



Relaxing with a good book

Fan letters keep him busy reading too.



"Now, what to write back?"



"I GREW UP WITH PATTY DUKE"

by Janis Murray

You've read the rumors about Patty's childhood — now read the TRUTH!

MY FULL NAME is Janis Madeline Murray and I grew up on East 31st Street in New York City—just two doors away from Patty Duke. In our childhood days Patty was called Anna Marie, and we were friends from the age of two.

Nowadays you hear so many stories about Patty's youth that you really don't know which version is the truth. Since *I was there* and know how it really was, I'd like to set the record straight and tell you some things about the liveliest, brightest and warmest little girl I ever knew.

The earliest thing I remember about Patty and me was our playing cowboys and Indians in my aunt's backyard. For some reason Patty always chose to be an Indian. I guess that's because she's always had a natural sympathy for the underdog. But she was always a good sport. My favorite words for Patty are *outgoing*, *vivacious* and *bright*. I'm sure she is still that way.

Patty was always intelligent, even as a youngster. I'll never forget the first day she and I left for school. Though I was bigger than Patty (we *all* were), she was much stronger than I. My mother walked us to the corner and when I got there I burst into tears and clung to her skirt. "I don't want to go, mama," I wailed.

Patty gently took my hand and led me away as she said over her shoulder to my mom, "Don't worry, Mrs. Murray, I'll take care of her." And somehow I felt safe.

Patty was a whiz in school. She always finished her assignment first and then she would help others. Her best subjects were math and spelling. She somehow avoided being "teacher's pet," which was quite a trick for a tiny, bright kid, as Patty was.

When I read somewhere that Patty was so poor she used to beg for soup bones from the butcher, it really riled me up. None of the folks in our neighborhood were wealthy, but we never starved. Patty's mom was a smart cook and there was always enough to eat on their table.

When Patty was eight her mom threw a surprise birthday party for her. All we kids got there early and hid upstairs. When Patty came in from play we rushed down, shouting, "Happy birthday!" Patty just stood there with her mouth dropped open for a few seconds, then she burst into tears. However, her tears soon turned to laughter and we all had a grand time opening presents and eating ice cream and cake.

One day in school Patty and I found a pencil—just an ordinary yellow lead pencil. We decided that it belonged to someone and that we *must* return it. We went around to all the classes and asked each teacher to ask her room if anyone had lost the pencil. No one claimed it

in our grade, so we went to a higher grade. I guess our sincerity made the teacher hesitate to toss us out, but when we walked into one room and delivered our little message all the kids broke into loud laughter. To us they were like gods and goddesses, and we were never so embarrassed or hurt in our lives. We ran out weeping!

The only fight Patty and I had was at the water fountain. She lingered over it like she was trying to drink a river dry. Finally, I nudged her and said, "Hurry up." Patty looked up and stuck her pencil toward me. I don't think she meant it to, but it banged right into my eye and hurt like everything.

"You're a witch!" I yelled.

"You're one, too!" she yelled back.

We were ready for blows when a teacher came along and made us separate. I had a lot of trouble sleeping that night. The next day my mom asked me what was wrong and when I told her she went over to see Mrs. Duke. Somehow our parents straightened everything out and a cheerful Patty passed my house that morning whistling to me to join her and come along to school.

As far as boys go, Patty had no use for them when we were in grammar school. As tiny as she was, she was a very spunky little tom-boy. For Patty boys existed only to play baseball or the likes with.

And for all of you who heard that "... she used to speak in dese, dems and doses" rumor—sorry, it isn't true. Patty spoke beautifully all her life.

When her brother Raymond was studying dramatics at the neighborhood club, he told the teacher one day, "I have a cute little sister. She's tiny so she can play a lot of different kid roles."

The teacher took Raymond up on his offer and soon the biggest thing in Patty's life were her dramatics studies. We were all thrilled when she finally got her first TV part. It was as a little girl who messed up the floor in a floor-wax commercial. Not a big deal, but the whole neighborhood gathered to watch her debut!

Before long Patty was coming and going with her little hat box, wearing a tinge of rouge and lipstick for modeling. She took it all very casually. We were much more impressed than she was. "It's exciting, and I love it," she would say, "but I still like being myself best."

Well, Patty has gone on to great success as an actress and also as a person. Though I haven't seen her since I was nine (our family moved to the Bronx), I know that if I saw her tomorrow she would recognize me and it would be just like before. She couldn't change. She's too sincere not to be true to herself.

DINO, DESI and BILLY

ALL PHOTOS BY ERIC SKIPSEY

SECOND STOP

DESI'S HOUSE

*Desi says "Hi"
to his pet goldfish.*



Listening to a playback on his tape recorder.



Phone talk. A date maybe?

DO, RE, MI—



Homework. UGH!





Patty at 3 (extreme left) holds a ball almost as big as she. Janis is in the striped shirt.



Patty (left) and Janis at the surprise party.

Hallowe'en party: Patty, 7, is shown wearing a medallion. Janis is at extreme right.



And here's Patty at 8 — growing fast.



THIRD STOP

BILLY'S HOUSE

Billy samples the easy life.



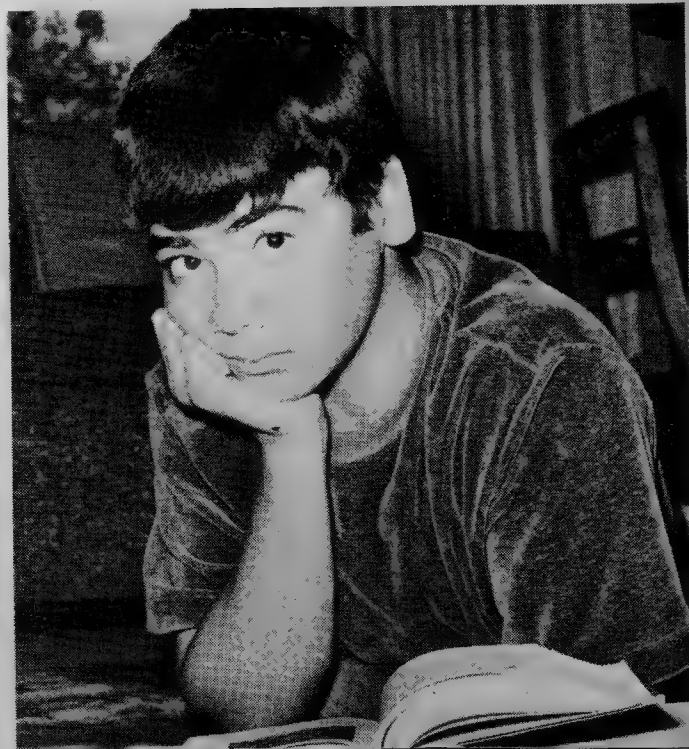
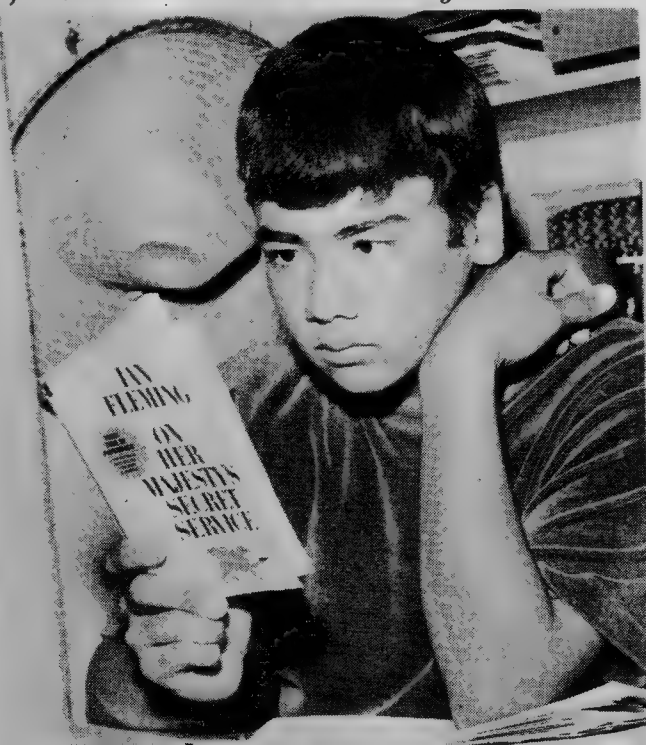
Wow! Look at the letters he receives!



And they all get read, too.

OH, NO! Put that down and do your—

—HOMEWORK!



DAVID McCALLUM & ROBERT

C'mon and

HI!

It's me, David McCallum, and I am about to tip you to the *truth* about that menacing-looking chap over there with the big gun in his hand.

Robert is a very friendly (not overly, though) outgoing fellow. He likes traveling, seeing new places and making new friends. His dressing room is done in a sort of knotty pine, and there are several pictures of himself as he appeared in different roles up on the wall. He's not conceited—he keeps them around to remind himself of how hard he used to work—and how hard he must continue to work.

Robert is a very competent actor. It is a real pleasure to work with him. You may not know it, but he was nominated for an Academy Award for his brilliant performance in *The Young Philadelphians*. When you first meet Robert, you might think him a bit aloof, but this is because of his rather innate shyness. Though we do not share close mutual friends, we both have many acquaintances in common and I can tell you, they all speak highly of Robert.

Girls, that cat over there has one of the greatest bachelor pads west of the Rockies. My wife and I have visited there a couple of times, so I feel capable of describing it. He has eight or nine bedrooms. The walls are white and all the doors are dark hand-carved mahogany. He has a marvelous movie screen and projector built into the living room. The screen is hidden behind a beam in the ceiling and works by push button. He doesn't do much cooking on his own, for when I looked into his fridge I saw some low-cal soda and salad dressing and—of all things—four cans of movie film, for some odd reason.

Robert has a serious streak in him and he is very interested in politics. He reads all the news weeklies and campaigns for the Democrats when the occasion arises.

I must warn you that Robert is a rather eccentric dresser. For instance, one day on the set he strolled up wearing slim slacks, a lovely jacket with an ascot, and on his feet were huge wooden clogs—you know, the kind with an elastic top and—big wooden soles. After we recovered from our hysterics, I asked him why he was clonking around in those shoes. "Because they're comfortable," he said casually—and clonked away.

When it comes to music, Robert is an incurable romantic. He loves that candlelight-and-wine stuff—you know, lush strings and the Montevani sound. He has a big, beautiful Lincoln Continental and in it is a stereo-tape set-up and television!

Bob is very particular about what he eats and is a nut for vitamins and good food supplements. When he does sit down to dinner, it's a big salad and a good steak. However, he is also potty for things like stuffed grape leaves served up at the Aware Inn.

As I said, Robert likes to meet people, and though he isn't a spontaneous performer, he loves to have them around. That's why his parties are so popular. He's a great guy—and I hope you get to meet him one day! (Now, be nice to me, Robert!)



VAUGHN tell All on each other!

Listen in!



WELL, WELL!

This is Robert Vaughn and I'm going to tell you what goes on behind the implacable Illya mask that blond cat over there wears.

I first met David on the set of *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* I was told that I was to be the slick, romantic, master spy, Napoleon Solo, and that David would be my mysterious Russian-born assistant. I noticed right away that David was somewhat reticent and shy, but in no time he was the favorite of the crew. That was because he was not a typical young Hollywood actor. Right off, I knew that I had a real professional working with me.

Off set, David and I lead separate lives. I'm a roving bachelor and David is a family man with three terrific young sons. I spend my weekends dating, and he spends his picnicking with the kids and gardening.

Speaking of dressing rooms, David's is not decorated at all—unless cameras, oscilloscopes and electronic gear is decoration! Usually, about half of the electrical workers for the show spend their lunch hour working with David over his gadgets (I'll catch it for calling 'em gadgets).

David has a dry Scottish wit and it is impossible to break him up during a take. No matter how funny anything is, he holds back his laughter until the director yells, "Cut!" Then he completely falls to pieces.

When it comes to food, David is very unusual. He loves basic good English-type food, but is also gone on curries and fine gourmet dishes. He loves to cook himself and is quite excellent at it. In fact, David is pretty excellent at almost anything he undertakes to do.

When girls come on the set, he is quite friendly. Usually, they stand around pretending they are watching the shooting, but most of them have sent their eyes roving around to find that fascinating blond head. If David is not working and the person stares long enough, he will walk over and introduce himself. He always reaches out and shakes the hand of the girls he meets and that has a rather startling effect sometimes. We've darned near had a couple collapse from acute water on the knees on such occasions!

David is not moody, but he falls into quiet spells at times. When we get back to the studio from a hard day on location driving cars, climbing elevator shafts and what-not, he suddenly vanishes. What he does is to run off to his dressing room, douse the light and take a short, restful nap. But, as a rule, his dressing-room door is wide open and visitors are welcomed inside—as long as they do not take advantage of David's hospitality.

One thing about David that I find interesting is his love for rock-and-roll music. You might not know it, but David was trained to be a classical musician all during his childhood, and it's rather strange to hear his "Yeah, yeah, yeahs" chiming in at the proper time when a Beatle record is played. I think the wildest sight (and sound) of all is David "Illya The Cool" McCallum taking off from work in his fast Jaguar with the radio going full blast. You can still hear the rock-and-roll when David is long out of sight!



A LETTER FROM **CILLA** in original Liddypool Scouse!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

HIYER!

How's it goin' then? I've not long been home since I was in America. I thought your country was a bit of all right—the guv'nor, in fact—but I've been doin' me nut cos I didn't see everything with having to get back to England so fast.

Leaving for home was last. I've never reckoned much to flying at the best of times, but I hated saying "Tarrah!" to all the mates I'd made in New York. Ta for being so gear to me, anyway.

I'm not taking the Mickey (sending you up) with this note. If you came to the 'Pool, you'd find all the fellers who are real Scousers talk like this. It does half look funny written down, but it sounds O.K. when it is spoken! In case you don't know what I'm on about, I'd best give you a translation underneath.

Well, tarrah for now then, and look after yourself.

CILLA

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

HELLO THERE!

How are you? It isn't long since I returned home after visiting you in America. I found your country very interesting—the greatest, in fact—but my real regret is that I didn't see everything because I had to return to England so quickly.

Leaving for home was terrible. I have never enjoyed flying at the best of times, but I hated saying "So Long!" to all the friends made in New York. Thank you for being so nice to me, anyway.

I'm not kidding you (putting you on) with this little letter. If you came to Liverpool you would find that all the boys who are true Merseysiders talk just like this. It looks peculiar written down, but it sounds all right when it is spoken!

Well, so long for now and take care.

CILLA XXX

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"WHY I LEFT HOME" by PAUL PETERSEN

Paul gives his reasons for taking a place of his own—and when you've read them, you'll agree that he made the right move.

HANGING INSIDE the bedroom door of my new home is an old-fashioned sampler which reads: "*Home Is Where the Heart Is.*"

It was a labor of love by my grandmother, who made it for my first dressing-room at the studio right after I started *The Donna Reed Show* eight years ago. It had to come down a long time ago when my collection of pin-up pictures began to outgrow the wall space.

I took it home and stored it away somewhere in the garage, along with a lot of other keepsakes I thought I had outgrown. But when the movers started carting my belongings from the old family house in Sherman Oaks to my new home in Beverly Hills, it somehow turned up in one of the boxes of books I had packed.

My first impulse was to throw it away, but I couldn't quite bring myself to do it, probably because of the general feeling of nostalgia that plagued me all during the period of my "big move." And that's exactly the way to describe my feelings about moving into a place of my own. It is like a major transition in my life, sort of emerging from childhood to adulthood—not just going from one house to another. But through it all I've felt the need to be reminded that a very important part of my past, present and future will always remain behind in the home where my family still resides.

Why, then, did I make this move? Actually, my reasons were two-fold. In the first place, I've always wanted a place of my own—at least ever since I've been old enough to feel a certain amount of independence. Even though I'm only 19 years old by the calendar, my job and the responsibilities that have come my way as a result of our family situation, have sort of rushed me into adulthood. And in the second place, my mother's re-marriage a couple of months ago inevitably revised our whole living arrangement even further.

Lest that last statement be misinterpreted, let me make it clear right now that I'm extremely happy about the marriage and have only the greatest relationship with my stepfather. We enjoy each other's company and have a lot of interests in common. But I think it's as important for a grown son or daughter to step aside when a parent remarries as it is for a mother or father to avoid living with a newly married offspring.

Besides, my new stepfather (his name is Paul Ashby) was ready, willing and able to take over some of the responsibilities I'd been shouldering. I knew he could look after Patty as well



as I could, and it was only right that he should be the one to take over all of the other head-of-the-household type of duties.

I'll still be having dinner with them a couple of nights a week (I'd starve if I tried to live by my own cooking); I'll be with Patty every day at the studio, and my older sister, Pam, will be sharing my new home with me. The way I look at it: the whole situation is sort of like having your cake and eating it too.

Then, of course, there's the little matter of enjoying my new role of lord of my own domain. When I want to have people in, I can do it without worrying about whether it might interfere with the plans of the rest of the family. And if I want to be all alone to read or play records, or maybe just think, I can have the privacy that I feel is very important to anyone who is approaching maturity.

Of course, to Patty, my new house is sort of like a plaything. She considers it an ideal outlet for some of her more grown-up ideas. She even helped decorate the place—although that stuffed Panda Bear by the fireplace *does* have to go.

The house itself is a real swingin' pad. I don't mean it is one of those flashy bachelor digs, but it has just about everything I've ever wanted in a home. There's a big stone fireplace on the curve of an all-stone wall with leaded windowpanes that hark back to childhood dreams of old medieval castles. Glass sliding doors lead out to a canopied veranda which runs the length of the living room and overlooks a whole canyon dotted with enormous fir and pine trees. Off the living room on one end is a panelled dining room which opens on the veranda. Beyond that is the kitchen, with its own private sun-deck jutting out over a sunken garden. On the opposite end of the living room is a small den, which I have converted into a trophy room and study. Completing that wing of the house is the master bedroom suite.

My huge Weimeraner dog, "Pokey," was thoroughly upset by all of the confusion on moving day and proceeded to take it out on the rest of us by dumping over half-filled crates and barking up a storm for all and sundry. That night, after everyone had gone, I took "Pokey" for a walk along the winding hillside street. A neighbor who was rolling up the garden hose in her driveway smiled and inquired: "You're the new homeowner down the street, aren't you? I should think you would be very proud to own your own home at such an early age".

Little did she know *how* proud. And happy.

HERMAN'S HERMITS



BARRY

KARL

HERMAN

KEITH

"LEK"







THE BEACH BOYS

WAYNE

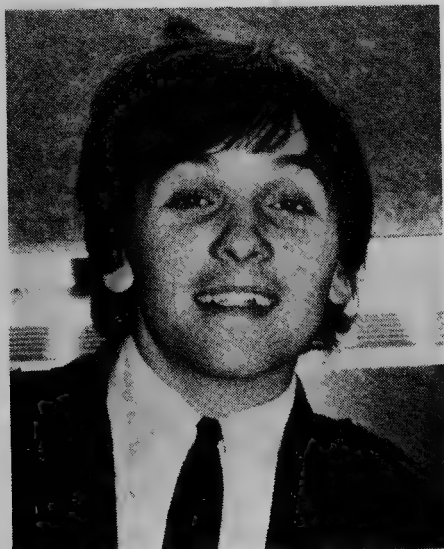
(one of the most exciting lads on the scene)

FONTANA

and the *(incredible, adorable)* MINDBENDERS!



Wayne



Eric



Bob



Ric

TALL, handsome Wayne Fontana is about the most "un-attached" guy you'll meet in a long time. He was born Glyn Ellis in Manchester, England, on October 28, 1945. He still lives in the same home, an eight-room semi-detached house, with his mother Mildred and father John Richard. Wayne has two older brothers, Tony and Graham. He has been singing all his life and made his show-biz debut at the age of five in front of a skiffle group! By the time he was eight he had his own group and used to give free concerts for the local old-age pensioners. He left school at 15 and became an apprentice telephone engineer during the day while singing as a semi-pro in clubs for about \$10 a night. He formed a group called Wayne Fontana and the Jets when he was 16. Later, he changed it to the Mindbenders, after seeing a movie by the same title. Wayne is six feet tall, has brown hair and the most incredible brilliant blue eyes you've ever seen. He likes to sketch, listen to Dionne Warwick or Ben E. King sing, and The Stones and the Hollies are his favorite groups. They also happen to be his close friends.

Michael Eric Stewart, Jr., is the lead guitarist for the group. He was born on January 20, 1945, in Manchester. He lives in a terraced home with his mum and dad, Connie and Eric, and four younger sisters. Eric has brown hair and eyes and is five feet ten inches tall. He started playing the guitar at 16 and played as a semi-pro later while he held a steady job as a commercial artist. He loves being with Wayne and the Mindbenders and is thrilled that he has a big hit record in America. Eric's favorite singers are Mose Allison and Bobby Blue Bland,

and he digs Kim Novak for acting. His hobby is photography.

Robert F. Lang won't tell what his middle name is—but everybody calls him Bob anyway, so it doesn't matter. He was born in Manchester on January 10, 1946, and has blue eyes and blond hair. He lives in a new bungalow with his parents, Eileen and Tom. Bob has displayed an avid interest in guitars for years. His older brother, Kevin, aroused his interest and taught Bob how to play bass guitar. His favorite singers are Jerry Lee Lewis and Little Richard. For acting, he likes Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. His dream of having a hit record in the top ten has lately come true.

Ric Rothwell is the drummer for the Mindbenders. He was born in Stockport, Cheshire, England, on March 11, 1944. He is an only child and lives with his parents, Mildred and Eric, in a semi-detached five-room home in Manchester. Ric is five feet six inches tall and weighs 140 pounds. He has dark brown hair and green eyes. He began his musical studies at the age of nine, when he learned to play the piano. Later, he received a scholarship to the London School of Music. Ric took up drums about five years ago. He loves the singing of Timo Yuro and Little Richard and the acting of Steve McQueen. His hobby is collecting LPs.

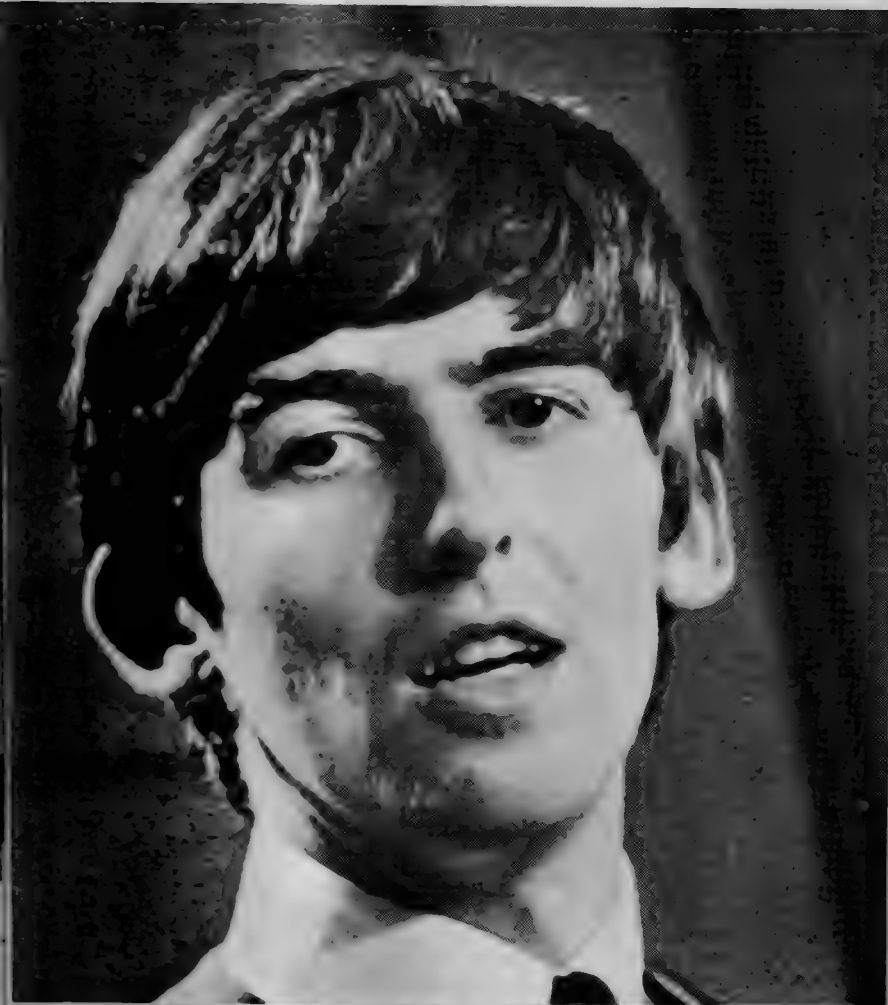
You can write to Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders at Stanhope House, Stanhope Place, London W.2, England. Or send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Jo Anne, 33 Moorton Avenue, Levenshulme, Manchester 19, England.

CONTINUED
FROM
PAGE 12

PART 2



BEATLES 100 Red-hot New Pix

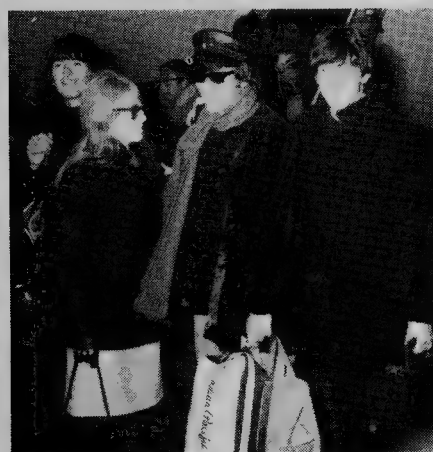




"Who dat down dere?"



John a drummer? Well, you never know what you can do till you try!



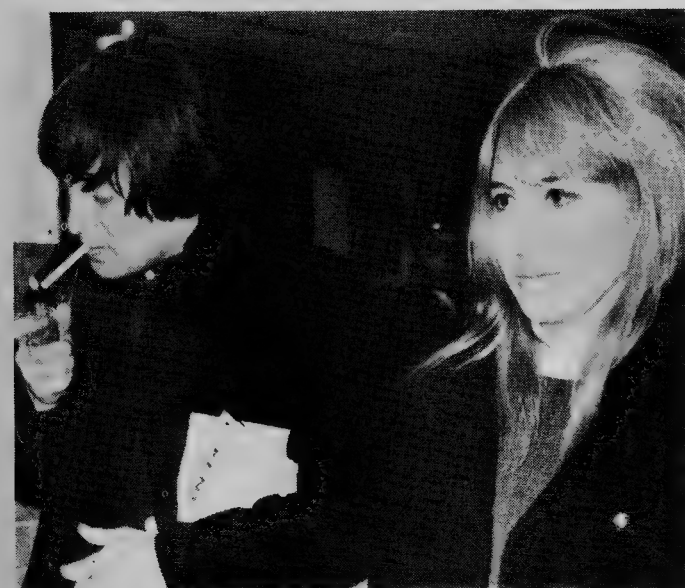
At London Airport—tired but happy.



In the middle, John and Cyn.



John and Cyn at a "literary luncheon" in England.



John and Cyn after a skiing holiday at St. Moritz, Switzerland.



The Beatles are coming! And so are Cynthia, Pattie and Maureen!



Onstage during the ABC-TV show, Blackpool Night Out.



*Just a wee bit
o' merrie ol' Scotland.*



*So what is it? John, George, Pattie and
Cyn have a look at something during a
Tahitian holiday.*



George tidies up.



*John doesn't look a
bit at ease up there,
does he?*

*Arrival in Denmark — with
Jimmy Nicols substituting for
Ringo.*



Shakespeare, here they come!





*With Jack Good,
producer of Shindig.*



*A conference with producer Bernard An-
drews during a TV rehearsal.*



*Oh, those sunny banks
and braes of Loch Lomond!*



Hi yo, McCartney — a-wa-a-a-y



*The boys in costume for
a British TV appearance.*

Fresh off the boat.

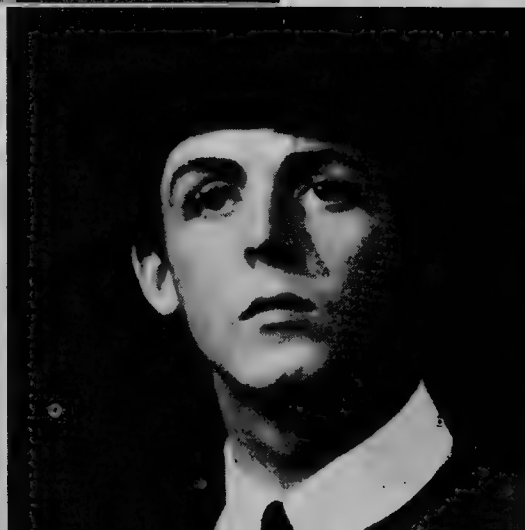


*What's George plotting
behind John and Cyn's backs?!*



*On set for
A Hard Day's Night.*





SPECIAL MOVIE SECTION

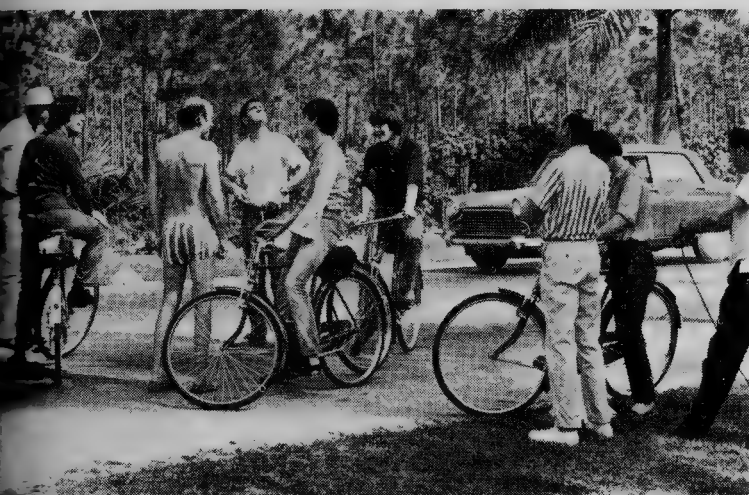
HELP!



*Water, water everywhere—
and it's all frozen!*



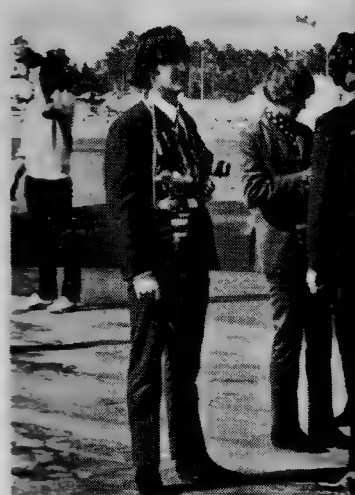
*So they started out on a sled 'way up
in the Himalayas or someplace, see. . .*



. . . and wound up on bicycles in another country.



Ringo takes off.



Could he be a spy—our John?

*Director Dick Lester (right)
tells the boys what's what.*



Cookie and cuppa break.





George and Paul listen to instructions for filming a scene.



MAN, it's cold in there!



Four s-s-shiv-v-very Beatles.



Is it Ringo—or an icicle?

Patrick Cargill (all suited up) plays an inept Scotland Yard inspector in the film.



FUN TIME.



Get Your GIGANTIC BEATLES COLOR POSTER!



**IT'S JUST LIKE HAVING
THE BEATLES IN
YOUR OWN HOME!**

JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE and RINGO
so true-to-life you'll think they're actually REAL!

JUST IMAGINE! You climb out of bed in the morning and wow! — there are the Beatles smiling at you from your bedroom, living-room or den! John, Paul, George and Ringo looking so true-to-life you have to pinch yourself to realize that they're looking at you from a gigantic color poster!

And what a poster it is! A mammoth 4 feet by 1½ feet, luscious, wrap-around, panoramic Beatles poster! Not only is there a separate portrait of each of the four fabulous Beatle boys on this poster, there are also five other spectacular group shots of the boys!

How do you get it? It couldn't be easier! Just print your name and address clearly on the coupon on this page, cut it out and mail it to the address printed on the coupon — together with a one-dollar bill. You'll be hugging your Beatles poster in no time!

Better not wait! Get your coupon and your one-dollar bill in the mail today! It's better to be safe than sorry!

16 SPECTACULAR

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16 Magazine, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

Please rush me my Beatle panoramic special-color poster. I enclose a one dollar bill.

PLEASE PRINT

Name Age

Address

City Zip Code

State

The Intimate Confessions of **HAYLEY MILLS**

Here they are—all the deep-down secrets of one of your favorite stars!

HAYLEY REMEMBERS—the looks on the customers' faces when she and sister Juliet turned their two pet mice loose in the ladies' department of an exclusive London store; the thrill of pulling up beside Elvis Presley's car on Hollywood street—"... We were making *The Parent Trap* and Mummy and I looked out and there he was, in this enormous white car with about 95 people in it. I shouted, 'That's him!,' and nearly fell out of the car, pointing. Mummy yelled, 'Who?,' and we both got so excited we nearly ran into him!"; Hayley remembers spending every Christmas with her daddy, even when he was on tour, and she and Jonathan were just toddlers—"... Mummy would be writing a play in the hotel room and so Jon and I would go to the theatre with Daddy, and when we got sleepy they would put us to bed in the wardrobe room in the big baskets where they kept the clothes."; her first solo date, at 14, in New York with the son of family friend, and Hayley took him to the theatre to meet her dad, actor John Mills, after his show; the day her pet pony, Anabel (whom she got for her tenth birthday and taught to follow her like a puppy), wandered into the dining room while the Millses were having supper and refused to be shooed out until she got several lumps of sugar!; playing pranks at Elmherst Ballet School, where her parents sent her at nine—like tying chairs to tables and putting toy mice on teachers' desks; being "mad about" bees, caterpillars and flies as a youngster and perpetually "rescuing" them from the pond and nursing them back to health, until she contracted caterpillar rash and got a couple of hearty bee stings!

HAYLEY LAUGHS—much more than the average person; at anything that happens to tickle her funny-bone; at the serious look on younger brother Jonathan's face when he plays his drums; at the results of her practical jokes (sample: sprinkling perfume down on passers-by from a hotel window); at herself, if she thinks she's made a "bish of it" (translation: "goofed up!").

HAYLEY'S AFRAID—of the ghosts that (according to legend) haunt the 600-year-old house on the Millses' 540-acre farm in Crowden, England; of growing old—"... When the time comes that my make-up lady has to spend a few extra minutes blotting out the wrinkles under my eyes, I'll stop acting."; of muffing a scene when her mother and dad are on the set; that people might misinterpret her basic shyness for really being swell-headed; of traffic on California's crowded freeways.

HAYLEY WORRIES—about her mother's accident proneness—(During the filming of *Tiger Bay*, Mrs. Mills fainted while climbing into a small boat, fell and almost drowned. Last spring, during *U-I's* Chalk Garden, she lost her footing on the edge of a cliff and narrowly missed tumbling thousands of feet down into the sea and to sure death.); Hayley worries about her inability to save money; about whether she can become a "... truly fine actress"; about how she looks to others during these adolescent years—"... Right now I am neither a child or a woman and everything seems to be simply wonderful or just awful. I often feel as though I have four legs and six knees, and I am sure that everyone is staring at me, even when they aren't!").

HAYLEY GETS A KICK OUT OF—teaming up with Jonathan to "... put people on"—(Once a reporter

asked her what she does as she learns her lines—does she sit, pace about, or what? Before Hayley could answer, Jon piped up, "She hangs upside down from a chandelier!" Hayley immediately took her cue and smoothly agreed, "Yes, that's right. Actually, you see, that makes all the line rush right into my head!" Neither she nor Jon cracked a smile.); Hayley gets a kick out of the California sun; hamburgers and hot-dogs; peddling around the Disney Studios on the messenger's bicycle; drive-in restaurants; backyard swimming pools; teasing Jon and being teased in return—(Once, when she'd given him a particularly bad time, he waited days to get even and picked his moment of revenge when a reporter, who had never met Hayley, asked him, "What color is your sister's hair?" Without a blink, Jon shot back, "Gray!"); writing poetry and passages in the diary she always carries with her; perching on a stool by the cosmetic counter in a department store and "sampling" different perfumes and make-ups; learning new languages; going to any movies that star Burt Lancaster or Paul Newman or Shirley MacLaine or Marlon Brando or her famous dad; listening to records by Elvis or Peggy Lee or Frank Sinatra or Sammy Davis.

HAYLEY CRIES—when she is terribly frustrated—(During the shooting of *Whistle Down The Wind* there was "... one scene where I was to stand against a wall and cry and I just couldn't. I got only one tiny tear out. When they stopped shooting, I burst out crying because I hadn't been able to cry before!"); when she sees an animal in pain; at sad movies; when she reads an especially moving passage in a novel.

HAYLEY GETS MAD—when she sees people doing things that seem terribly wrong—"... Once while Mummy and I were driving I saw this man beating a poor little doggie. I tried to jump out of the car to stop him and Mummy had to grab me by the waist to keep me in."; at magazine stories that are false, like the piece that alleged a feud between her and Debby Walley; at phonies and people who say things they don't mean; at sensational-type story headlines about her in movie magazines.

HAYLEY FEELS ROMANTIC—when dining by candlelight; driving by the beach at night in California with the moon shining on the ocean and the wind blowing through the dark blue, starry skies; when she listens to soft, semi-classical music; when she is in the mood to be romantic!

HAYLEY GETS BLUE—when she doesn't have something to do on a movie set and she can't cut up; when she looks in the mirror in the morning—"... I look positively ghastly before noon. Nothing in my face seems to fit right. Sometimes I feel so discouraged that I cover the mirror with a towel."; when she watches rain falling; when she thinks of ever being separated from her family for any length of time.

HAYLEY FEELS SILLY—when people ask her if she drives and she answers, truthfully and seriously, "I drive a tractor"—and they laugh; when she gets an attack of giggles that she can't control; when teased about her habit of wrinkling her nose when she gets carried away in conversation; when she gets caught making funny faces at herself in the dressing-room mirror; when she hears her own voice on a record.



Hayley Mills

BOBBY SHERMAN

ANSWERS

40

revealing

Questions

Your new TV favorite talks frankly about his likes and dislikes and deep-down secrets



What is your full real name?

Robert Cabot Sherman, Jr.

When and where were you born?

I was born in Santa Monica, Calif., on July 22, 1945.

What is your height, weight and coloring?

I stand five feet nine inches in my socks, weigh 140 pounds and have medium-brown hair and blue eyes.

Where do you live?

I live in a part of Los Angeles called "the valley" in an eight-room modern ranch-house with my mom, Juanita, and dad, Bob. I have one older sister who is married.

What was your very first ambition?

I was never interested in anything but music. I wanted to be a trumpet player.

How did you get interested in singing?

When I played with a combo for parties and at high school. It seemed natural to sing while I played.

What is your ambition now?

To be a successful recording artist and then become an actor.

What kind of people do you like to be with?

Completely natural people who don't try to impress others and who don't care whether you are a star or not. I like happy-go-lucky people.

Briefly describe your dream girl.

I like a pretty, but way-out chick. Uninhibited girls with big eyes get me. I like long, straight hair and an innocent look.

What is your secret longing?

Many years from now I would like to produce and direct movies and help young stars get started in show business.

How do you like to dress?

I like casual, but neat clothes. I am particularly fond of soft velour materials.

How do you like to see girls dressed?

I love hip-hugger slacks with short lace tops. I dig the "little girl" look.

What do you like to do on a date?

Have fun. That means a drive-in movie or dancing, or driving out to the beach to look at the moon. I have a nifty beige Cadillac.

Do you believe in telling a girl you like her as soon as you know it?

Yes. Life is too short and I don't like to play games.

Would you kiss a girl on a first date?

Yes. Why not?

What is your pet weakness?

Fooling around with recording equipment. I have my own recording studio.

What do you dislike about your work?

I hate it when I feel I've done a bad performance.

What do you plan to do with your money?

Invest in real estate and stocks. I am serious and I think ahead.

Are you a day or night person?

Both. I usually get up at nine or ten and stay up till about midnight. I still visit the coffee houses and clubs



I used to play in with my combo.

How do you relax?

I sit down and start playing the guitar or composing a tune.

Are you a worrier?

Very much so. If there is something bothering me, I can't just drop it. I think it is better to care about things. It makes you aware.

Who are your best friends?

A high school buddy named Bob Blank and another friend from school, Linda Cooper. There are several others also.

Who are your favorite English record stars?

I haven't listened to them all, but the Beatles seem to be about the best.

Who are your favorite American record stars?

I have many, including Nancy Wilson, Chuck Berry and Andy Williams.

Who are your favorites for acting?

Marlon Brando and Natalie Wood.

Which is your favorite TV show?

I really enjoy Shindig. I also like good dramatic shows.

What is your favorite color?

Blue.

Do you have a pet superstition?

No, but if I catch myself thinking negatively, I cut off all thought for a while.

What are your favorite foods?

Steaks, hamburgers, hot dogs and milk!

Would you date a fan?

Definitely! I've done it many times!

How did you meet them?

They come over and chat with you and you take it from there.

What do you say?

Well, if I think they are really interested in getting to know me better, I say something like, "If you're not busy, let's go get a Coke."

Have you ever been in love?

Yes, twice. Both times I was real hung up.

Do you have a steady girl now?

No.

Would you go steady and what do you think of it?

I don't want to go steady again, but I know that if I found someone I really did dig, I'd start going steady again.

What is the first thing you notice about a girl?

I notice her over-all appearance first. Then I look for a sparkling personality.

How would you describe your own personality?

I am basically easygoing and friendly, but lately I've become more of a businessman.

Do you read the letters fans write to you?

Yes, absolutely.

Do you answer them?

Yes. Everyone gets an answer.

Where is the best place to write to you?

At 4151 Prospect Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. I'd love to hear from all of you.

ONCE UPON A TIME

HERMAN'S "WISH COME TRUE" FAIRY TALE

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little boy with white-blond hair. His name was Peter. He lived in Manchester and he wanted to be famous.

He had a very happy life at home with his mother, father and elder sister. Dad was an accountant and life was quite comfortable. One day, Peter's dad bought him a toy horse with pedals. It was white with brown markings, and the pedals were red. Peter loved his horse, and all the other children envied his having such a beautiful toy. But Peter would have traded in the horse willingly, if by doing so he would have made his name known all over England.

"One day," he used to say to himself, as he pushed the red pedals up and down and guided the horse along the street, "I'll be really famous. Everyone will know me."

His mum and dad didn't laugh at his dreams. Dad may secretly have wanted Peter to become an accountant like himself, and certainly both he and Peter's mum planned to give their son the best start they could, but so long as Peter was happy, they didn't mind what he became.

There was a gramophone at the house in Manchester, and Peter loved to watch the records go 'round and 'round on the turntable. He loved to listen to the music and tried to learn the words of the songs. One evening, long after his parents had gone to bed, Peter sneaked to the gramophone and switched it on. Far into the night he sat there, listening to the records. They were all discs by the then very popular American group called the Ink Spots. By the time Peter finally crept off to bed, he knew every word of every

song on every one of those records.

A few weeks later, he got the chance to show what he'd learned. His parents took him to Wales, and there was a talent contest at a nearby hall. Peter entered the contest. All of five years old, he stood up on the stage and sang *Tiddly Winky Winky Winky Woo*.

When he'd sung, he climbed down from the stage and ran to his mother.

"I'm going to win," he told her confidently. "Then I'll be famous."

His mother patted the white-blond hair and said sweetly, "Of course, dear."

But Peter didn't win. A man who'd done an act with puppets did. Peter was very disappointed.

In Manchester he had quite a long journey to school each day, especially when he got to St. Bede's College. He had to catch three buses—the 23, the 53 and the 62. He'd sit in the front seat and stare out of the window at the people on the pavement.

"One day," he told himself, "they'll know who I am. I won't be able to travel on buses then. Everyone would recognize me and it would be embarrassing to have them all staring at me."

Still, he didn't know what kind of fame he'd have. He remembered enjoying the talent contest all those years ago. He hadn't been at all scared when he'd stood up to sing. Maybe that would be it—singing. Show business, anyway.

The idea was strengthened when he started attending the Manchester School Of Music for piano lessons. It was strengthened even more



when Granada TV, searching for a young boy who could sing, came across Peter and put him into an episode of *Knight Errant*.

At last, Peter was on his way. Other acting parts on TV followed, and he also joined up with a pop group called the Heartbeats. They got themselves a manager, who changed their name, found them bookings, and sent a cable to a recording manager in London.

"Come to Manchester and discover a great group," the cable said. With it was a return air ticket to Manchester and a hotel reservation.

The recording manager rose to the bait and

went to Manchester. He heard the great group. Soon afterwards, he recorded them. The disc went to Number One in the charts. Peter's wish came true. He was famous.

Oh, there's one thing I forgot. The group called the Heartbeats—their name's now changed to the Hermits. And Peter changed *his* name, too—to Herman.

And they all lived happily ever after.

**TO SEE HOW HERMAN LOOKS
WHEN HE'S "SWITCHED ON,"
TURN THIS PAGE!**



**Herman
switched
on!**



going —
GOING —
ALMOST GONE!

YOU'D better hurry if you want
16's sensational
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For just ONE DOLLAR
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20 intimate
candids!

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And, in addition to these, you get 20 intimate candids of the following stars:

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CLIFF RICHARD
KURT RUSSELL
GENE PITNEY
MICKEY SHOLDAR
PICCOLA PUPA
HANK WILLIAMS, JR.

GEORGE CHAKIRIS
FRANKIE AVALON
DICK CHAMBERLAIN
ANNETTE
JAMES FRANCISCUS
MIKE LANDON
LESLEY GORE

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RITA PAVONE

You get 40 wild and wonderful all brand-new autographed wallet portraits of:

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ELVIS PRESLEY
PATTY DUKE
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HAYLEY MILLS
PETER AND GORDON (2 individual portraits)
PAUL PETERSEN
DAVE CLARK FIVE (5 individual portraits)
MIKE BURNS
THE BEACH BOYS (5 individual portraits)
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ELVIS' 101 UN

So you think you know all about the King?

HIS MIDDLE NAME is Aron (spelled with one "A").

Elvis' identical twin brother, Jesse Garon Presley, died at birth.

One of Elvis' first jobs was as an usher in the Loew's State Theatre in Memphis. He earned \$15 a week.

Later, he worked as a metal worker and a truck driver.

He made his first public appearance at the Alabama-Mississippi State Fair in 1943—when he was eight years old.

Elvis not only plays the guitar — he is a very good drummer and pianist.

His first TV appearance was on a local show called *Louisiana Hayride*, in March, 1955.

The first network TV show he did was Stage-Show in 1956.

Elvis' early nicknames were:

The Bopping Hillbilly

The Pelvis

Swivel Hips

The Hillbilly Cat

Mama Presley's Son

Mr. Wiggle and Shake

Sir Swivel

Elvis' first guitar cost \$12.98.

Now he pays about \$350 for a guitar.

His first manager was named Bob Neal.

Elvis' present income is estimated at between two and three million dollars a year.

His personal favorite of his own recordings is *Don't Be Cruel*.

Though he loves all kinds of music, gospel singing is his very favorite.

Elvis' favorite singers are *The Blackwood Quartet*, a gospel group.

His other favorites are Frank Sinatra and Perry Como.

Elvis' favorite song (not of his own recordings) is a gospel hymn, *I Won't Have To Cross Jordan Alone*.

Elvis loves ice-water.

He is an excellent pool-player.

He has pool tables in the dens of his Memphis and Hollywood homes.

His favorite sport is karate, but he has to refrain from it because he could ruin his hands.

Elvis' other favorite sports are touch-football, boxing and water-skiing.

Elvis has his own football team in Hollywood and Memphis.

When Elvis is in Memphis, he often rents an entire skating rink for an all-night party.

He also does the same with carnivals and fairs when they are in Memphis.

Elvis has his own "movie house" in each of his homes, where he and his friends see all the latest films.

Elvis loves playing cards.

He digs reading fan magazines and reads 16 cover-to-cover each month.

Elvis used to collect teddy bears!

He is an amateur mechanic and does a lot of the repairs on his own cars.

Two of his early show-biz friends were Pat Boone and Tommy Sands.

Elvis hates to travel by air.

He has his own bus, which is like a "home," and he uses it to commute between Hollywood and Memphis.

His favorite color scheme in decoration is pink and black.

Once Elvis had several pink Cadillacs with black leather upholstery.

Elvis dislikes being interviewed.

Ditto smoking and smoke-filled rooms.

Elvis likes to wear a sports jacket and flannel slacks in Hollywood.

He prefers checked or striped shirts and black levis for very casual wear.

One of the biggest thrills of his life was when Elvis Presley Day was inaugurated in his home town.

Elvis very much wants to do a serious dramatic movie with no singing.

Elvis loves cars and owns over a dozen of them.

Elvis likes to watch golf and tennis on TV.

His favorite food used to be banana-and-peanut butter sandwiches. Now he favors pork chops and gravy.

Elvis is always wide-awake at night and considers himself a night person.

He loves flowers, considers them "romantic."

His favorite flower is Night-Blooming Jasmine.

Elvis is a "shower" man and loves to take one after a hard day's work.

Elvis often goes off alone. He likes to "... get away from it all and be by myself sometimes."

He is extremely close to his father and his father's new wife and children.

Elvis has a group of home-town friends who are very loyal, and travel and work with him.

He loves girls and has no special favorite at this writing.

In spite of his "romance" with Ann-Margret, as soon as the Hollywood interiors for *Love In Las Vegas* were finished, he cut out for Vegas to see a showgirl he'd met there a few months earlier.

Elvis can't stand people who try to pretend they are "important."

He avoids "publicity-seekers" — especially actresses who try to get their pictures taken with him.

He can spot a phoney a mile away.

He can't stand people who gossip.

Elvis also detests so-called friends who gain your confidence, then tell all to the press!

Elvis hates for girls to wear strong perfume. It's too overpowering!

Elvis used to chew gum — noisily!

Now he can't stand to see people (especially girls) snap and pop their gum.

He abhors the terrible, untrue "sensational" type stories some magazines print.

He dislikes all of his aforementioned old nicknames!

He hates the sound of electric drills — especially the one in the dentist's office.

He can't stand badly-fitted clothes on himself or others.

Elvis is always troubled by news of war or people in want. He longs for world peace.

TOLD SECRETS!

Read this and see how much you missed!

When Elvis went to Humes High, his favorite subject was English.

His first professional recording was on Sun.

It was That's All Right, Mama, backed with Blue Moon of Kentucky.

His very first record was done by Elvis himself in a rented studio.

He made it as a birthday present for his mother.

It was through this record that a studio technician got Sun Records to listen to Elvis.

Two of his biggest selling records to date are *Don't Be Cruel*, backed by *Hound Dog*.

His first Gold Record was for *Heartbreak Hotel* and *It's Now Or Never*.

When Sam Phillips signed Elvis to his Sun Records' contract, Elvis was making \$35 a week as a truck driver.

The first night That's All Right, Mama was to be played on the air, Elvis hid out in the movie house, afraid his friends would laugh at him.

Later that night, Station WHBQ called the Presley home to announce that the record had attracted 14 telegrams and 47 phone calls.

Elvis' first film for 20th was supposed to be called The Reno Brothers.

Elvis' bedroom in his Bel-Air home is decorated in white and gold.

He has "open house" at his Bel-Air home every night when he is in Los Angeles.

Elvis doesn't have to worry about "crashers," as Bel-Air is a private community with only one policed point of entry!

Elvis' closest friend is his cousin Gene, who is almost like a brother to him.

Elvis does two personal appearances a year — for charity only.

Elvis does all the arranging and production work on his record sessions.

Elvis, who has been a top favorite in England for years, has set foot there only once, and that was when he changed planes at the Prestwick Airport in Scotland on his return trip to the U.S. in March of 1960.

Elvis' grandma Minnie is one of his favorite people in the whole world.

His favorite actor is Marlon Brando.

Elvis and his late mother (Gladys) and father (Vernon) used to sing as a trio at revival and camp meetings.

Elvis won first prize in the first music contest he entered. He was 10 and he sang *Old Shep* unaccompanied.

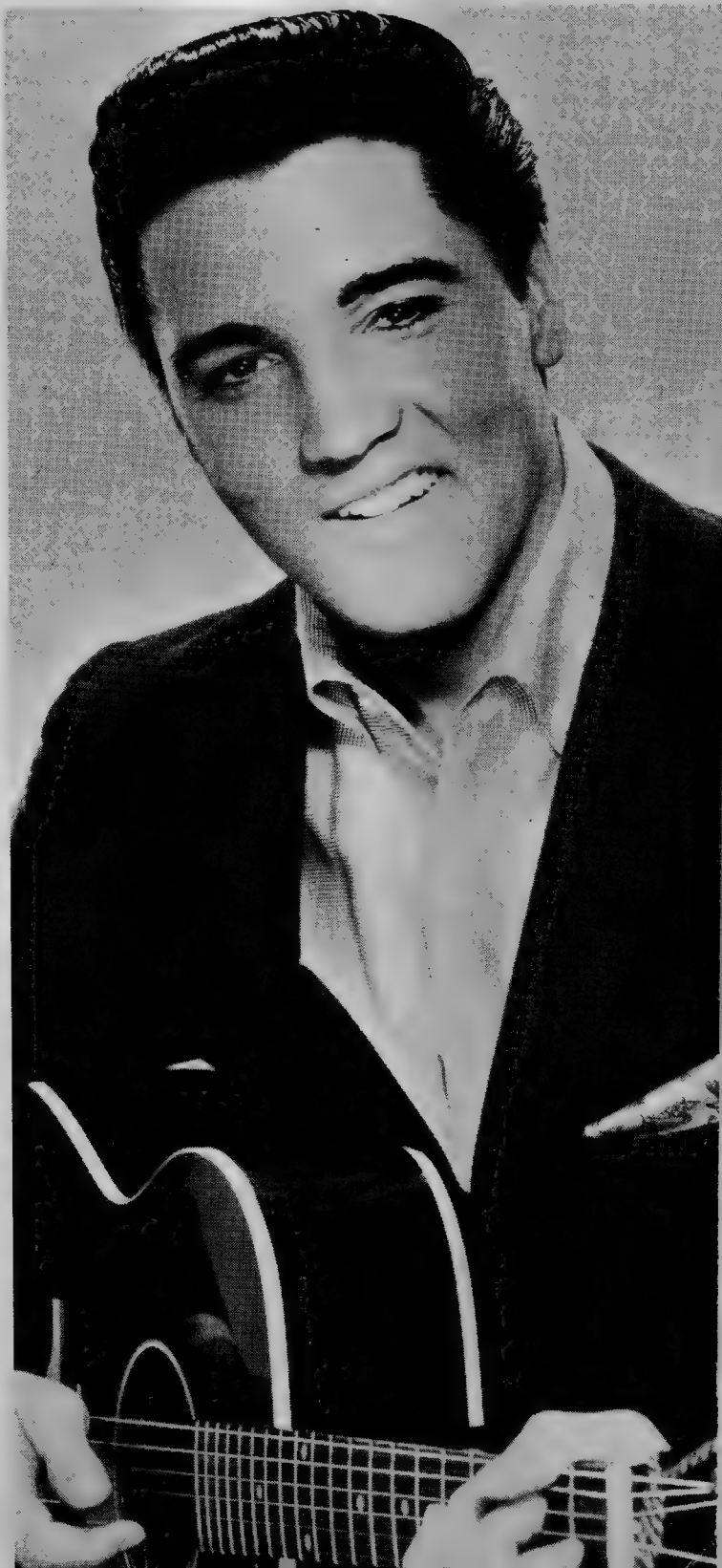
When Col. Tom Parker signed Elvis, he also signed his guitarist and bass player, Scotty Moore and Bill Black.

When Steve Sholes of RCA Victor bought all of Elvis' "masters" from Sun for \$35,000, he also gave Elvis a \$5,000 Cadillac as a bonus.

Elvis used to perform so strenuously when he was doing public appearances that he would often black out after a show.

Elvis holds the all-time high TV-viewing record, capturing 82.6 per cent of the nations' viewers on one show.

Elvis still loves to listen to Country and Western music and Hank Snow is his favorite hillbilly singer.



THE JANE ASHER LOOK

by Gloria Stavers

It's natural, it's long and straight,
it's slim and feminine
—and if you like it,
here's how you can achieve it.

IF YOU'RE a Jane Asher fan, you probably know that she recorded the story of Alice In Wonderland about seven years ago. She did the role of Alice—and Jane (in real life) is a bit like the Alice of that mystical, marvelous story. She has very long hair, round blue eyes and a rather deliberate way of speaking—and thinking. (Who wouldn't have, when mum and dad are both university types?)

When Jane does a TV show or a film, the make-up men try to persuade her to let them do her up, but Jane is firm against it. "If my lips came out white on the screen," Jane explains, "I would certainly use lipstick, but they come out quite the right color if I put absolutely nothing on them. I would use lipstick if I found one that suited me, but I've never found one."

Jane feels much the same about nail polish. "I play the guitar, so I have to keep the nails on my right hand short," she explains. "Nail varnish would look silly on them. I don't mind it for other people, but it's just not for me."

However, Jane loves "making up." She finds it great fun to experiment with eye liners, eye shadows, brush-on colors and any new thing that comes along. She's been interested in make-up since her first movie role in Mandy, at the age of five. She started wearing make-up for real when she was 15 "... and I became fairly expert at 16."

Jane dressed up—with the "open knit" look.



The Jane Asher Look is acquired by applying a light foundation (you can get it at the ten-cent store) and a light blush of powder. Then line the eyelash-root area of your upper eyelids with liner pencil or with a brush and black eye-liner liquid (all these things are at the ten-cent store, luv). Last of all, apply mascara to the upper eyelashes. Try a little on the lower lashes. If it doesn't look good (and it doesn't on some girls) wash it off.

Hair for the Jane Asher Look is long and straight. Jane is very lucky in that her hair is gorgeous—like spun gold. It is expertly cut, so it is subtly graduated from the crown to the tips. She has it washed twice a week (does it herself, if necessary) and shaped once a month. If it gets curly or wavy "... like when I sleep on it," Jane has it straightened at the beauty parlor. If your hair is naturally straight, you can just wet it when it "wrinkles" and it will straighten right out again.

*Jane once declared that if she weren't an actress she would have become a hairdresser. She has several curled wigs and hair-pieces for the different parts she plays, but on her own she prefers to go straight. For Maggie Tulliver in *Mill On The Floss*, which Jane did on English TV, she wore a long brownish wig. "I happen to like it very much and often wear it out myself," Jane admits. "It's just for fun."*

Jane has a hard time pinning up all of her own luxurious mane so that she can get the wigs over it. She has to pin it down very tightly in order to get it all out of sight. On some occasions, she wears a wiglet the same color and length of her real hair. It is fastened to a black bow which hides the place where she pins it on (just at the top of her bangs). It's very handy.

The Jane Asher Look is a slim one. Jane doesn't have to diet. She couldn't put on weight if she wanted to, so she can eat all the sweets and sodas she wants. Lucky girl!

Delicate looking and feminine, Jane loves wearing long dresses in the evening. She'd wear them more often if it didn't mean being the only girl in one. Naturally, she adores playing period roles in shows, so she can wear lovely full-length romantic gowns.

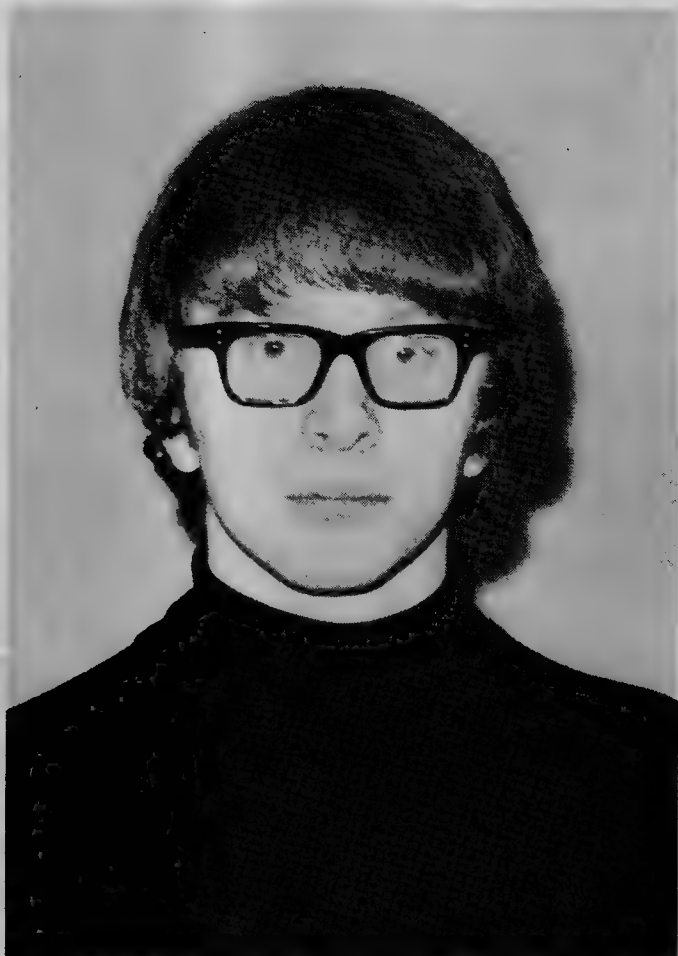
Jane Asher is a natural. She is sure of herself—and, of course, she is lucky in a lot of ways. She has looks, talent and charm.

Not to mention one of the grooviest boy friends any girl could have!



Jane at ease—relaxed in sweater and jeans.

PETER AND GORDON



PETER ASHER

I HATE to be around anyone who is smoking cigarettes or to be in a smoke-filled room.

I HATE cucumbers.

I HATE getting up in the morning and going to bed at night.

I HATE it when people give the Beatles credit for Gordon and myself making it big in the record business. I am personally friendly with Paul and deeply grateful to him and John for giving us *World Without Love*, but we were *already* signed to a record contract when this came about.

I HATE dull, plodding people who stick to the rules.

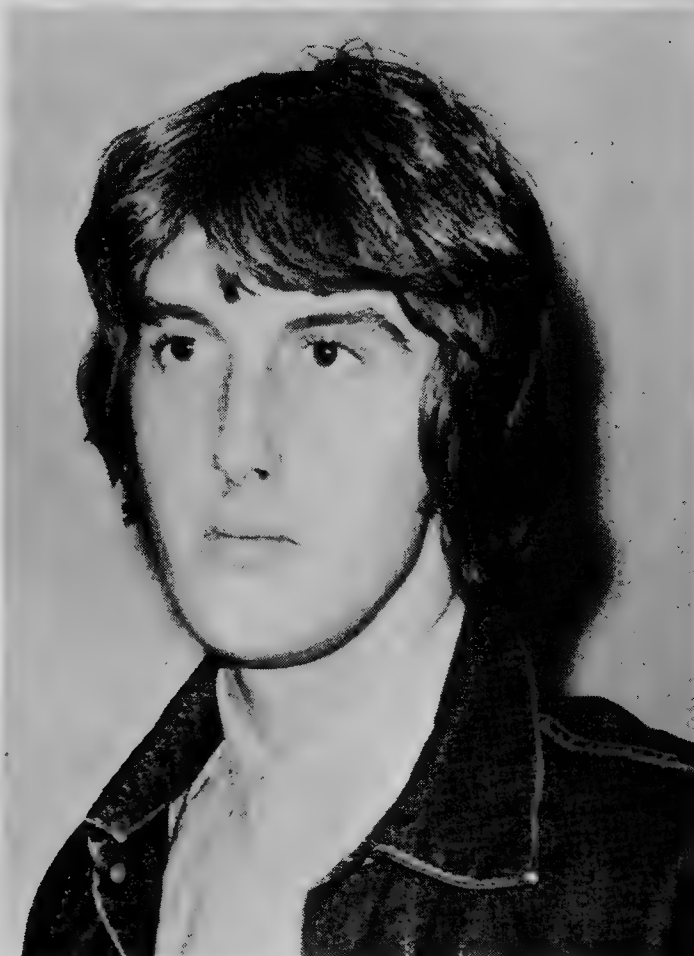
I HATE overly romantic and sentimental girls. They make you feel as though you *have* to be serious with them—and I'm too young to be serious with *any* girl right now!

I HATE hard work.

I HATE the loud traffic noises of New York City—otherwise, the place is fine.

I HATE the term "going steady." We don't use it in England, but it surely is working its way over!

I HATE girls who stand and giggle and stare when



PETER AND GORDON

they meet me. It makes me turn beet-red.

I HATE some of the American styles, like tight Capri pants and high, teased-up hair—and lots of make-up.

I LOVE modern jazz—I have a huge record collection of it.

I LOVE acting and used to do movies as a child—real ones.

I LOVE studying philosophy and reading books on the subject.

I LOVE orange juice.

I LOVE vivacious blondes.

I LOVE suddenly having all the money I want to spend on what I wish.

I LOVE reading science fiction.

I LOVE playing folk music in London coffee bars.

I LOVE writing short stories and plays.

I LOVE quiet but bright girls who can carry on an interesting conversation.

I LOVE the enthusiasm of American teeners when they watch you perform or meet you in person. They made me feel wonderful and I adore them.

I LOVE the color black.

I LOVE listening to records by Little Richard and Annie Ross.

reveal their hates & loves!

I LOVE milk.

I LOVE way-out, custom-made clothes and boots.

I LOVE American cowboy shirts.

I LOVE closing the door to my room and listening to music for hours.

I LOVE reading your letters and writing back to as many of you as I can. Write to me or Gordon (or both) at 24 Denmark Street, London, W.C.2, England.

GORDON WALLER

I HATE haircuts.

I HATE being rushed.

I HATE brushing my teeth with cold water.

I HATE to see people go around with an eternal smile on their face. I think that's phoney.

I HATE the thought that my career as a record artist will probably all be over some day.

I HATE pseudo-intellectuals.

I HATE dreary nine-to-five routines.

I HATE for anyone to ask me if I have a Beatle haircut. I have been wearing my hair like this for the past five years.

I HATE girls who flirt openly. You can do the same thing subtly, you know.

I HATE cold, logical people.

I HATE to watch TV. It bores me.

I HATE having a conversation in the morning. It takes me half the day to wake up.

I HATE cabbage.

I HATE loud colors, especially on girls.

I HATE dentists and hospitals.

I HATE slacks that are too tight. My tailor made me a pair that way once. After I complained, he gifted me with three pairs of elegant slacks that fit me perfectly.

I LOVE shrimps.

I LOVE to listen to Peter, Paul and Mary sing.

I LOVE to read poetry.

I LOVE spontaneous, warm girls.

I LOVE it when fans scream or faint. It makes me know they really dig me.

I LOVE chocolate cake and tea.

I LOVE making so much money—but I am trying to save some, just in case!

I LOVE my silver MG-B convertible.

I LOVE the acting style of Marlon Brando and Brigitte Bardot.

I LOVE girls with a distinct style of their own in dressing, hair-do and make-up.

I LOVE being an active person in the music business.

I LOVE sleeping very late (sometimes till 3 in the afternoon).

I LOVE painting surrealistic pictures. It's my favorite way to relax.

I LOVE listening to early Elvis recordings.

I LOVE steaks.

I LOVE sending people up (our slang for putting someone on).

I LOVE my new hobby—photography.

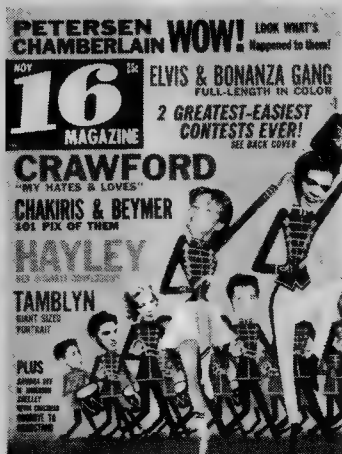
I LOVE movies based on real-life happenings.

I LOVE hair—and go wild for girls with long dark hair.

I LOVE to Twist. I almost broke my hand doing it once!

GORDON AND PETER





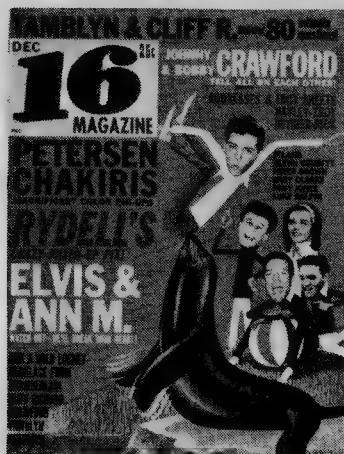
In NOV. 1963 issue are giant features on Petersen and Chamberlain, Crawford's hates and loves, 101 pix of Chakiris and Beymer, Hayley's confessions, Elvis and Bonanza Gang in color, others!



In MAR. 1964 issue are Patty Duke's untold secrets, Franciscus' life story in 100 pix, a big color pix of Petersen and features on Chakiris, Ann-M, Elvis, Hayley and Johnny and Bobby Crawford!



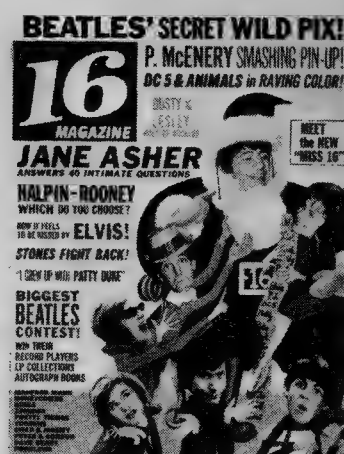
In MAR. 1965 issue you get a big bonanza of Beatle features that will knock you out! Also the Stones, Luke Halpin, Peter and Gordon tell on each other, and Jane Asher's life story!



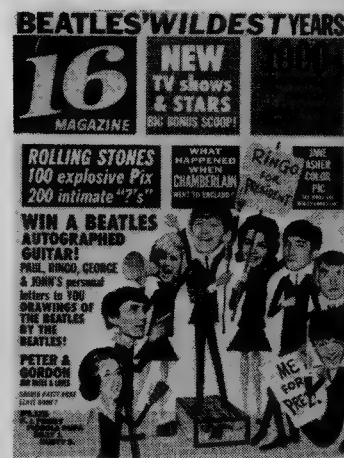
In DEC. 1963 issue Tambllyn and Cliff R. answer 80 questions, J. and B. Crawford tell on each other, plus color pix of Petersen and Chakiris and crazy pix of Rydell. Also Elvis and Ann.



In APRIL 1964 issue are more goodies that you ever dreamed of! The kind of goodies you can expect to find in each and every issue of 16 Magazine all through the whole year!



In JAN. 1964 issue 16 begins a new calendar year with the tops in 'teen entertainment! All the news and views on all your favorites is in this issue — so don't fail to get a copy!



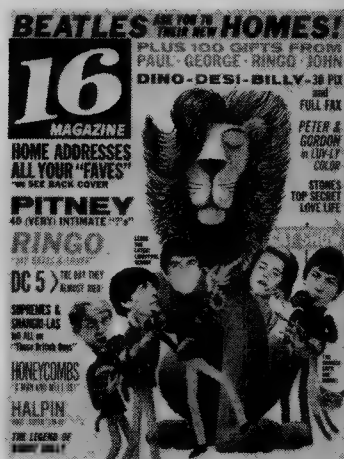
In NOV. 1964 issue is Beatles' wildest years, 100 pix and 200 questions on Rolling Stones, Jane Asher color pix, Peter and Gordon, Dick Chamberlain, Patty Duke and more, more, more!

DID YOU MISS ANY OF THESE FABULOUS MAGAZINES?

YOU'RE missing plenty if you missed any of these excitement-packed back issues of 16 Magazine OR 16's Spectacular! Because each and every one of them is loaded with the best in 'teen entertainment!

Be sure to order all of the fabulous magazines you missed right away. Important: each back issue of 16 Magazine costs 50¢. Each copy of 16 Spectacular also costs 50¢.

Just check off on the coupon the magazines you want and mail it to us with the necessary money — and we'll fire back at you the magazines you check! You'll enjoy the most fun you ever had!



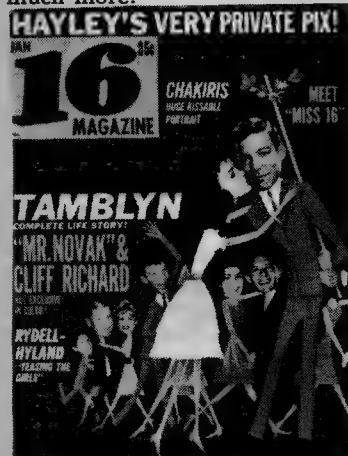
In APRIL 1965 issue Beatles ask you to their new homes, Pitney answers 40 questions, Ringo tells his hates and loves, Stones reveal their love life, you get Halpin, Peter and Gordon in pin-ups!

BACK ISSUES of 16 MAGAZINE are SCARCE!

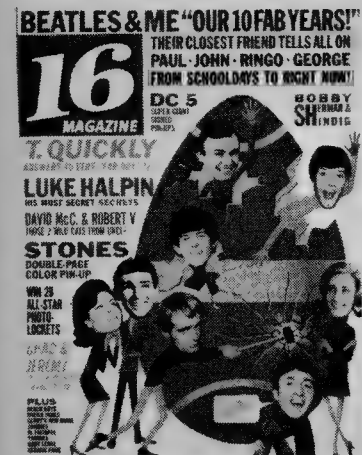
THEY GO FAST so please check your 2nd choice in case we are out of the one you want!



In FEB. 1964 issue are Francisus' answers to 40 questions plus 40 pix of him; color portraits of Chamberlain and Troy; Chakiris' life story; Ann-Margret's life in pix; and much, much more!



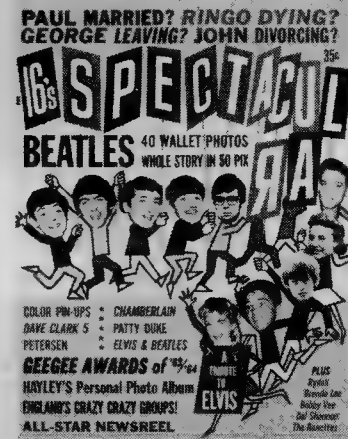
In JAN. 1965 issue are Beatles' secret wild pix, Peter McEnery pin-up, DC 5 and Animals in color, and Jane Asher answers 40 questions. Also: Halpin, Rooney, Elvis, the Rolling Stones & more!



In May 1965 issue Beatles' closest friend tells their intimate story, Halpin reveals his secrets, Chad and Jeremy tell on each other, T. Quickly answers 40 questions, the Stones appear in color!



In FEB. 1965 issue are 100 pix of the Beatles, also Jane Asher tells about Paul, Luke Halpin answers 40 questions, Dave Clark 5 turn up on a desert island, and more, more, more!



16's Fourth Spectacular features Dave Clark 5, Petersen, Patty Duke, 40 wallet photos of the Beatles and their whole story in 50 pix, Hayley's personal photo album and England's crazy groups!

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THE SECRET LOVE LIFE OF THE DAVE CLARK 5

The private thoughts and romantic inclinations of the Fab Five!

SOMEHOW the adorable Dave Clark 5 (except for Rick and Lenny, who are wed) have managed to keep the girls in their lives a deep, dark secret. Well, they did up to *now*—for 16 has persuaded Dave and the boys that falling in love is no sin and that their many fans would rather share the *truth* with them—than be left out in the cold.

Let's start with the leader, Dave himself. There have been rumors and rumors regarding the love life of this handsome drummer boy, but the real truth is that Dave has not got a steady girl and is not looking for one. When Dave was filming his Warner Brothers movie, *Having A Wild Weekend*, columnists, naturally, linked him with beautiful co-star Barbara Ferris—and they weren't far off the track. Barbara is a petite, gay, effervescent girl who has romped through a series of film comedy roles in the past several years.

Dave describes his dream girl like this: "She must have a lively personality and a good sense of humor. Without a doubt, good looks will attract me, but if she doesn't turn out to be interesting, then I couldn't stay with a girl very long."

Barbara fits the bill to a T. While they were filming, Dave and Barbara were often seen huddled in quiet conversation between takes. But when Dave was cornered by one reporter, he flatly denied any more than a passing friendship and professional interest in Barbara.

"The color of a girl's hair and eyes doesn't matter as much as what's underneath," Dave continues the description of his dream girl. "It would be nice if the girl I fell for shared my interests, but that is not absolutely essential."

When asked about his relationship with adorable British trend-setter and *Ready, Steady, Go* girl, Cathy McGowan, Dave quipped, "I've taken a lot of different girls to parties—and that includes Cathy. She is pleasant company, but she is not my special girl. In fact, I've never gone steady or had a favorite girl in my life!"

Finally, Dave has been asked again and again when he wishes to marry and settle down. Dave always has the same ready reply: "I definitely plan to get married and that will take place in about five years. No sooner, mind you. Five years. And I am still searching for the

right girl. I'll know her when she comes along—meanwhile, think what fun I'm having searching!"

When adorable Denis Payton is questioned about his secret love life, he quite forthrightly says that there is no number one girl in his private life. "I'm at a time where I really enjoy dating all different types of girls. It is natural and I will continue to do it until I find one that makes me forget all the rest," is the way Denis explains it.

However, Denis admits that once he was madly in love. He was 17 and a trainee engineer in a North London electronics firm. This was before he joined the group, of course.

Denis



"She was a blonde," Denis recalls. "We went out steadily for several months. I even took her home and my parents really liked her. One night I asked her if she'd consider marrying me. She said she'd think it over."

"The following week we met again, and a funny thing had happened. I'd given my proposal a good think and I realized that I did not want to get married after all! It was very embarrassing, but she understood. Funny, but we decided to break up. You know how it is when you can't live without a person—and you can't live with them!"

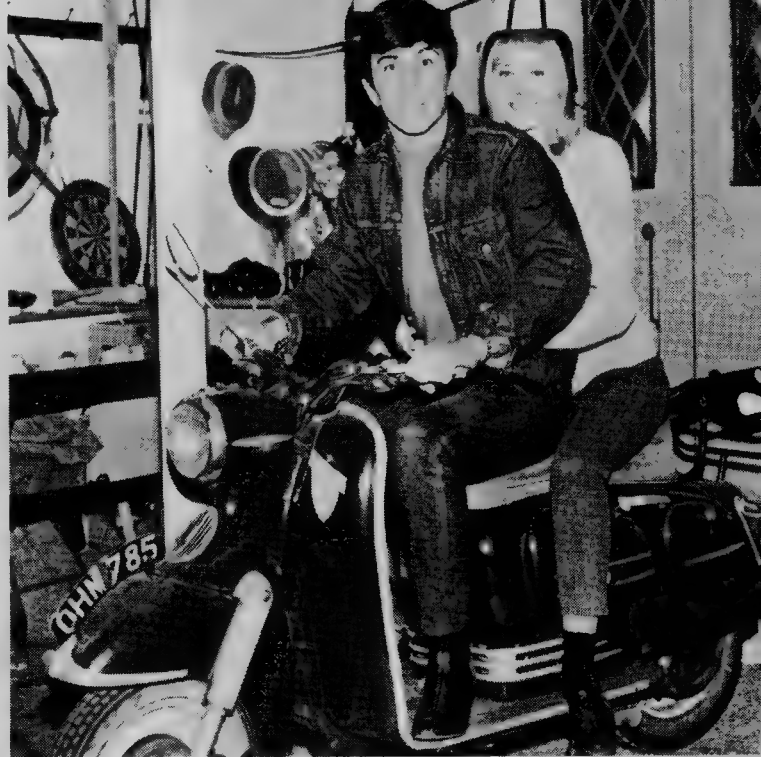
The lovely blonde in Denis' life is now married and has three children. She lives in Denis' neighborhood of Walthamstow in London, and they often bump into each other. Denis is happy to say that they have remained friends. *Friends* is the word for the other girls in Denis' life right now. True, he has mad flings once in a while, and often thinks it's the real thing, but that steadying influence—his career—prevents him from jumping off the deep end. So he, like Dave, is having fun *searching*.

When asked to describe his dream girl, Denis says, "I like birds to be blonde, blue-eyed and about five feet one inch tall. They mustn't use heavy make-up—preferably, none at all. Yvette Mimieux is a perfect example of my ideal girl for looks."

Dashing Mike Smith is a real tiger when it comes to the birds. In every town he meets plenty of girls and *dates* plenty of them! He adores his fans and is often known to take one or more out for an evening on the town. But Mike has a very well-kept secret. It's the unnamed, beautiful blonde Swedish girl he flipped for while on tour there.

When Mike was cornered and learned that his secret wasn't so secret anymore, he flashed that beguiling Smith grin and admitted, "Oh, you've caught me, eh? Well, don't go marrying me off. I'm still investigating the market!"

"This Swedish dish is very attractive—the model type. I admit that I'm dippy for blondes. This one is an outstanding girl to me. We speak on the phone a lot and she writes to me. I am really looking forward to our next



Dave and Barbara

tour of Sweden."

But Mike is also looking forward to his next tour *anywhere*, for he has more than one girl in every port—and is constantly looking for new recruits—much to the delight of his thousands of very interested fans!

Of the two Dave Clark 5-ers who are married, Rick's wife is blonde and Lenny's wife, although naturally a brunette, often dyes her hair blonde, as well.

Lately, Lenny's wife is a blonde, but two months ago she was dark! "In fact," Lenny confides, "I don't remember

Mike



Yvette Mimieux





Denis, Mike, Rick and Dave at Lenny and Jill's wedding.

the real color of her hair. Think it's dark brown, but I'm not quite sure."

Jill is keen on hairdressing and used to do the hair of girls from the neighborhood in the evenings until recently. She discovered that some girls were coming to have their hair done just so that they could say they had met a member of the Dave Clark 5!

"But Jill would still like to do hairdressing, and some day I hope to set her up in a salon of her own," says Lenny, who has been married for nearly two years. Their wedding anniversary is July 28. As yet, they have no children. "That's something for the future," the Davidsons say. "But we would both like to have kids—when things are more settled."

The other married member of the group, Rick, and his wife Eileen, live fairly close to Lenny in an apartment in Tottenham. Bass guitarist Rick, who will be 25 in August, says: "Eileen and I met long before I joined the group."

They married on December 30, 1961, at Edmonton, Middlesex, when Rick—then a salesman with an electrical firm—was 21. Eileen, who is two years older than Rick, was even then a friend of other members of the group. Dave was a witness at the wedding.

"I never kept the wedding a secret—it was just that no one asked me," said Rick, who is nevertheless still reluctant to talk about Eileen. He would like to keep his private love life *private*.

Rick hams it up in Wild Weekend.



Cathy McGowan



ALONG COMES JONES!

by
Gloria
Stavers



THOMAS JONES WOODWARD is the 25-year-old son of a Welsh coal miner. He is also the hottest new single star to appear on the pop scene in years. In a dizzy world of fluctuating group singers, Tom is like a breath of fresh and vital air. All you have to do is listen to his swinging renditions of It's Not Unusual and Once Upon A Time, and you'll know that Tom Jones is what's happenin'!

Tom was born on June 7, 1940, in Pontypridd, Glamorgan, South Wales, Britain. He is the son of Freida and Thomas Woodward (Jones is his mother's maiden name) and he has one older sister. Tom left school at 15, but not before he had had his fill of traditional Welsh folk songs.

"I've always loved music," Tom says, "and could sing before I could walk, but those traditional songs were the deadest! I felt it would be more profitable to work and make money than to sit being bored in school."

Tom's employment ran the gamut from making gloves to selling vacuum cleaners door-to-door. All the time he worked, he also played—music, that is. At 16, he taught himself guitar chords and was soon playing for civic and local events. At first, he worked alone, and later he formed a group.

"I lived in that dream world all teenagers do," Tom explains. "I just knew that some day someone would come along and 'discover' me. Well, it never happened, and when I was 20 I packed up and headed for London."

Tom had a terrible time in London. He cut many demos and had a million promises broken on him. He was disillusioned and would always return home to

work and get some more money—so that he could go back to London and get disillusioned some more! Tom had been traveling back and forth from London for four years when he finally got the break he so much deserved.

Of all things, a London songwriter and singer came home to South Wales to visit relatives and saw Tom perform in a local club. That man was handsome young Gordon Mills.

"I couldn't believe it when I first saw Tom," Gordon enthuses. "I couldn't believe that this great talent was stashed off here in this little club. I straightaway went over to speak to him when he finished working."

Gordon asked Tom if he could manage him.

"We—the group and myself—had a bit of a think about it," Tom recalls. "We didn't want to be disappointed again. Finally, we decided—yes."

Oddly enough, when Tom and Gordon got back to London, Decca Records (who had heard a demo Jimmy Saville—top English deejay—had given them) was waiting to sign Tom up!

"We signed with Gordon and Decca at the same time," Tom says, glowing. "We were chuffed (thrilled) by that." After the first single did not make it, Tom heard a song Gordon had written and asked if he could cut it. The artist for whom it had been written gave his consent, and *It's Not Unusual* was born. And that, me dears, is just the beginning for Tom Jones—the greatest new talent in the world of music!

You can write to Tom Jones at 97 Campden Hill Towers, Notting Hill Gate, London W. 11, England.

GERRY *and the* **PACEMAKERS** *introduce* *themselves* *to YOU!*

I'm Gerry



GERRY MARSDEN

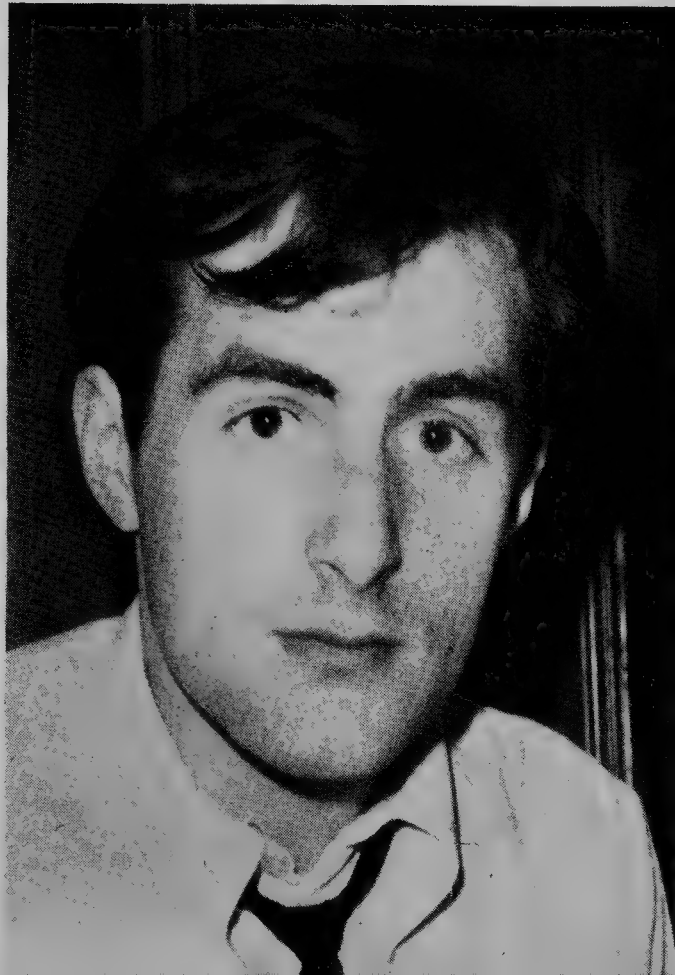
HELLO, HOW ARE YA? It's me, Gerard "Gerry" Marsden. I was born in Liverpool on September 24, 1942, which makes me all of 22. I still live in the same house I was born in, a seven-room terraced house with—alas—no yard. But I love it because it is home. Me mum is Mary and I don't call her mum—I call her mother, but we say it *muther*. It's that Liverpool accent. Me dad is Fred and I call *him* dad—no accent. I have one older brother, but he'll have to have his hello with you on his own, as it's me who's chattin' you up now.

I feel chuffed that the records have gone over so well here. I love America. My first and second trips here were sort of fast, but this trip I've had more time, got to see more places and meet more of you very nice folks. American girls have a wonderful sort of personality and charm. They like having a go (coming on strong) and bein' a bit cheeky, but they are so cute, who can resist them? American girls are the most generous girls in the world. They give us all gorgeous presents and we are ever so grateful. I've dozens of stuffed animals to take back to my den in Liverpool. I never thought anything this wonderful could ever happen to me.

LES MCGUIRE

I'm Les. I play the piano. I sing. I do lots of other things. Like play the saxophone sometimes. Wallasy is over the river Mersey from the 'Pool. That's where I was born. You have to take the ferry to get there. Which I used to do seven days a week. I worked in a music shop, selling sheet music. Merseyside is about three towns rolled

I'm Les



into one—Liverpool proper, Wallasy and Birkenhead.

Where was I? Let's see. I'm six feet tall. I weigh 140, brown is the hair and blue the eyes. Now I live in Formby, 14 miles outside the 'Pool, with me lovely wife Brigitte. I met her when we played Hamburg four years ago. We went steady for two years. We've just welcomed our first child! Call me dad.

We use to play the Cavern. Here's a brief look-in for you. It is a cellar that is under a warehouse that is over 100 years old. We played alternative afternoons with the Beatles. We did Thursday evenings and the Beatles did Wednesdays. We were great buddies. We used to all pinch songs off one another. Whoever got a new record from America would guard it with their life until they learned the words and arrangements.

LES CHADWICK

Hello, luvs. I'm Les "Chad" Chadwick—one of them Pacemakers—bass player and utility man. Believe it or not, I was once a bank clerk (we pronounce it CLARK, for some reason), but I tired of it and was made up (pleased) when the group turned professional and I could quit me clerking. I used to practice my guitar playing in the bank. Guess where? In the vault! Funnily enough, I once got caught, but the bloke what caught me was gone on guitar, so he didn't turn me in.

We did Hamburg, too. Four times, and it totaled six months. We played there twice when the Beatles were there, and worked the same club with them—the Star Club. Our biggest number was *He's Got The Whole World In His Hand*. They also liked *A Taste Of Honey*. Our big-

gest thrill so far has been the fantastic success of *How Do You Do It*. We'll never forget that first American hit of ours.

I live out in Freshfield, near Formby, in a roomy bungalow, so if you're ever in Liverpool, come by and see me. When you get to town, drop by our main office. Ask anyone where Moorfields is, and then they'll tell you there how to get to my house.

FRED MARSDEN

I'm Fred Marsden, the good-looking member of the group. Since me baby brother Gerry told you all about the folks, I'll tell you all about me. I live in Formby with me lovely wife Margret. She's from Bootle. We went steady for several years and got married last September.

How would I describe me? I'm quiet, debonnaire (actually I don't even know what that means) and on the whole a good bloke. I'd much rather tell you my impressions of America. I love it. The girls here gave us a really fab reception. I was very impressed by them. They dress more "youngish" than the English girls do. When we played the Fox, in Brooklyn, they gave us presents all the time. We got cakes and cookies galore—they were home-made, too! We didn't have time to thank every single person who gifted us or wrote us, so right here right now is **A GREAT BIG THANKS FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE HEARTS OF GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS TO ALL YOU AMERICAN BIRDS!**

Please write to us at Box 302, Radio City Station, New York City—every letter gets an answer!

I'm Chad



I'm Fred





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